

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 635.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters on the Climate, Inhabitants, Productions, &c. &c. of the Neigherries, or Blue Mountains of Coimbatore, South India. By James Hough, of Madras. 8vo. pp. 172. London, 1829. Hatchard and Son.

THE great object of this publication (which has already appeared in the form of letters in several East India newspapers) is to recommend the district of the Neigherries as a sanatory retreat for the European inhabitants of our various presidencies, whose constitutions may be affected by the Indian climate. As our citizens at home migrate, seasonably, to watering and sea-bathing places, so, as the need of change is much more imperative, is it enforced that occasional residence in the salubrious temperature of these Blue Mountains would produce the best effects upon Oriental invalids, and supersede, in most cases, the expense and trouble of voyages to the Mauritius, Van Diemen's Land, the Cape, and Europe. Without entering into the medical question, we may say that the testimonies in favour of the restorative qualities of such a sojourn are certainly very strong; though the country is but little known to the surrounding natives, and has only been visited by our countrymen within the last ten years. Being thus a sort of *terra incognita*, it may be as well for our readers on this side of the earth that we tell them something about the *locale*, ere we lay before them what we find to be most worthy of attention respecting the people and productions. "These mountains are situate between one and two hundred miles from the opposite coasts of Coromandel and Malabar, in 11 deg. N. lat." They are little more than sixty miles in length, and about fifteen miles in mean breadth. The ascent is very rocky and difficult, inasmuch that our government have been obliged to cut a pass for the convenience of travellers. Tigers, bears, and wild dogs, are spoken of as among the wild animals; yet the woods are reported to be quite safe; and there are, but few attractions for the sportsman, as the game consists of only a few varieties. Buffaloes and oxen are the domesticated animals, and there are no sheep; which being the fact, the writer makes a droll enough bull when he informs that one of the several classes of inhabitants (Buddagurs, Kothurs, and Thodawurs) into which the population is subdivided, "are generally shepherds, and keep considerable flocks of buffaloes"!! p. 7.

Among the mineral products, iron and gold are enumerated; and in zoology and botany (as yet very slightly explored) there seem to be abundant specimens. In the latter some new species. A list of a hundred and sixty genera is given, including two species of very small wild strawberry, one of a good flavour, and

* The Letters are a little contradictory, however, on this point: in one passage the mean breadth is said to be fifteen miles—in another the breadth is stated to be from fifteen to twenty-five miles.

the other not sweet;—*Lysimachia*, *Clematis* (new);—*Myrtus tomentosa*, or hill gooseberry;—*Michelia*, "a fine timber tree, with a beautiful white flower resembling that of the *Camellia japonica*";—*Passiflora Sullivaniana* (new); and *Vereca crenata*, "a yellow flower, resembling the cowslip in form and fragrance." "The Neigherries abound in excellent timber-trees. The following are the names which the natives have given to the largest and the best:—*hooloni*, *coikil*, *sampany*, *vellodi*, *honoril*. The last mentioned is the largest and the most numerous. *Dalchia*, or wild cinnamon, is found here. *Laurus cinnamomum* grows to a gigantic size, and is excellent wood for all purposes. Many parts of the hills are literally covered with ferns and lichens of every variety. The fern-tree also grows to a good size, with branches of from eight to ten feet long." Varieties of medical plants are also said to be found in great plenty. The equality of temperature, as we have stated, is represented as being very fine, as is proved, indeed, by a meteorological table of thirteen months; and the atmosphere clear and delightful, as the annexed extracts will shew.

"The great extent to which the sound of the voice is conveyed may be mentioned. Some persons have thought this a proof of the extreme rarity of the atmosphere. A similar observation is made by Captain Perry, in his *Voyage of Discovery to the Polar Regions in 1819-20* (p. 125), where he states that in the depth of winter the sound of the men's voices was heard at a much greater distance than usual. This phenomenon is constantly observed on the Neigherries. I have heard the natives, especially in the morning and evening, when the air was still, carry on conversations from one hill to another, and that apparently without any extraordinary effort. They do not shout in the manner that strangers think necessary in order to be heard at so great a distance, but utter every syllable as distinctly as if they were conversing face to face. When listening to them, I have often been reminded of those passages of holy writ where it is recorded that Jotham addressed the ungrateful men of Shechem from Mount Gerizim; that David cried from 'the top of a hill afar off' to Abner, and to the people that lay about their master Saul; and that Abner addressed Joab from 'the top of a hill.' In the dense atmosphere of England, and even in the purer air of the plains of India, it is not easy to imagine how a discourse could have been carried on at so great a distance, and from such an eminence; but on the Neigherries the portions of sacred history to which I have referred receive a striking illustration. It is worthy of remark also, in proof of the rarity of the at-

* "The shrub which produces the fruit vulgarly called the hill-gooseberry, and supposed to be the *tomentosa*, is named by the mountaineers *thodawur*. It is very abundant, and the berry which it bears in form resembles the medlar; but in size, interior structure, and flavour, the English gooseberry. It is without ribs, and is a pleasant and wholesome fruit."

mosphere, that the heavenly bodies appear with much greater brilliancy than when viewed from the plain. This is observed by all strangers; and one correctly remarked, that the planet Venus, when full, gave as much light as the moon in her quarters.

"A further idea of the climate, and likewise of the soil, may be formed from the remarkable force of vegetation, and from the nature of the plants that thrive on the hills. Many vegetables, fruits, and flowers, from Europe and the Cape of Good Hope, have been tried, and hitherto all have succeeded remarkably well. Those of England, indeed, have grown much larger than in their native climate. I have measured beet-root upwards of three feet in circumference; a turnip, three feet; a turnip-radish, thirty-four and a half inches; long Spanish radish, twenty-seven and a half inches, and three feet long; also a cabbage-plant eight feet high, whose stalk was ten inches in circumference."

We have already mentioned the three classes of inhabitants; and one of these, the Thodawurs, are not a little remarkable.

"The Thodawurs (says the writer) are in appearance a noble race of men, their visages presenting all the features of the Roman countenance very strongly marked, and their tall athletic figures corresponding with the lineaments of the face. Some of them stand upwards of six feet high, and differ in every respect from all the tribes of Asiatics with which we are at present acquainted. The countenances of a few are strikingly Jewish, which is remarked by almost every stranger. I found several of them possessed of Jewish names, and began to flatter myself that I had discovered a colony of the scattered tribes of God's ancient people. But on communicating my supposed discovery to a friend, I hardly thanked him at the moment for dispelling the illusion, by informing me that he had given them these names, as he found it difficult to pronounce the barbarous appellations by which they are called. * * * However, I cannot but think that they may be found to be the remains of an ancient Roman colony. We know that that indefatigable and enterprising people visited the western coast of India as early as the commencement of the Christian era, viz. after their conquest of Egypt; and carried on commercial intercourse with its inhabitants to a considerable extent. There is reason to believe, also, that they settled in many parts of South India; and it is not improbable that one colony was formed on the Neigherries. In that case, it is by no means a fanciful conjecture that the Thodawurs are their descendants. I mean not to assert that we have sufficient data to support such a conclusion; but if the reader will bear the idea in mind, while passing his eye over my description of their customs, I think he can hardly fail to discern some striking points of resemblance. I have described their contour as Roman; * * * description in which I venture to anticipate the concurrence of every one acquainted with Roman paint-

ings, statues, and coins. They wear no turban, their fine black bushy locks forming a sufficient protection to the head, whether exposed to the vertical sun or a pelting storm. Their bodies are well proportioned, and their limbs remarkably muscular, possessing Herculean strength. I have seen two of them carry a large tree that no six natives of the plains could have borne, and toss it off their shoulders with perfect ease. They are very playful, and often prove their strength with their immense buffaloes. It is one of their diversions for three or four youths to select the largest of the herd, run him down, and then, seizing him by the hind legs, to throw him to the ground, which they do with perfect ease and singular dexterity. It is beautiful to observe the agility with which they bound over the hills, shaking their black locks in the wind, and as conscious of liberty as the mountain deer or any true-born Briton. They are remarkably frank in their deportment; and their entire freedom from Hindoo servility is very engaging to the Englishman, and cannot fail to remind him of the 'bold peasantry' of a still dearer land. When before you, they are constantly smiling, and are addicted to immoderate laughter. If amused with any thing they have heard or seen, they will retire to a short distance, throw themselves on the ground, and laugh till they seem literally convulsed. The women, with the exception of the mouth, which is wide, possess handsome features, and their complexion is fairer than that of the men. Their teeth are beautiful, which is quite an anomaly in India, and great vivacity sparkles in the eye. * * * They have an uncouth dance and song. Of the dance an idea may be formed from the representations we have of dancing satyrs. They merely turn the body half round, with a jump, and back again, grinning all the time, and raising the hands about the height of the head. The theme of their song it is difficult to understand, and its tune owes very little to the science of harmonies. Their gamut consists of five or six gruff tones, which they run through in a breath, beginning with the lowest and ascending to the highest, over and over again, without variation.

Their clothing bears some resemblance to the Roman toga; and the hypothesis of their being of Roman descent is further supported by the account of some circular tumuli, and coins found in them,—but we must say that the evidence on this point is anti-Roman. * Other portions of their manners and ceremonies are very curious.

"Their form of marriage is simple, and unattended with any religious ceremony. The bridegroom presents one or more buffaloes, according to his circumstances, to the parents of the bride, who, after merely touching his head, deliver to him their daughter. This completes the contract, and he takes home his bride. But the practice of polygamy prevails among them, the woman being obliged to receive as her husbands all the brothers of the family into which she marries, while they possess only this wife amongst them. She is allowed also to choose a gallant from any other family, to whom her husbands must on

* Among other proofs, however, the author states: "In an extensive vocabulary which I have had taken down from their lips, there are two words which seem to favour the notion of their Roman origin—*honus*, (Lat. *honus*) a ruin; and *pomni*, (*Eden* *pomni*) fruit. The other terms which they gave were taken from one of the three languages that I have mentioned, (Cannese, Tamil, and Malayalam), nor could they be induced to apply any other appellations to the objects which they were desired to name."

all occasions give the precedence. Another barbarous practice, that of infanticide, was formerly prevalent here. The boys were always preserved, and divided between the brothers according to seniority, but the girls were put to death; in what way has not yet been accurately ascertained, but there is no reason to believe that they were exposed." (By the interference of the British authorities, there is reason to believe that this barbarity has been stopped.) "I shall," continues our author, "conclude the account of this singular people, with a description of their funerals. Though entertaining but little idea of religion, yet are they superstitious enough to distinguish between fortunate and unfortunate days—Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday, being considered lucky, and the remaining four the contrary. Accordingly, if a person die on an inauspicious day, his funeral is deferred to the next more favourable one. When that arrives, the relatives are assembled, and the ceremony commences with loud lamentations over the dead. The body is then burned, together with all the ornaments of the deceased, and on the following day the ashes are buried, with a few gold or silver coins, according to the circumstances of the survivors, and a large stone is placed over the grave. The skull, and cap of the knee-joint bones, are preserved two or three months, and sometimes even a year, until the relatives shall have collected a sufficient number of buffaloes, and other things necessary for the celebration of the final ceremonies in honour of the deceased. When all things are ready, a great company assembles, and the bones that were preserved are produced, and placed in the centre of the group, as the representatives of their departed friend. They then take their seats on the ground, and feast on rice, or whatever the relatives can afford to give them." The more wealthy distribute clothes also among the visitors. While thus employed, every now and then two or three start from their seats, lead a buffalo by the horns round the bones, and then, with frantic gestures, fall upon the animal, striking him with enormous clubs until he falls to the ground. When these funeral rites are concluded, the skull and knee-bones are burnt in a cloth, and then buried near the other ashes. These ceremonies are so different from all that are performed on such occasions by the natives of the plain, that it is difficult to imagine where they can have learned them, unless we suppose the Thodawurs to have been originally a colony of foreigners, who continued here the customs of their native land."

Neither the Thodawurs nor the other tribes seem to have much sense of religion;—a few ceremonies, and an annual assemblage to perform some imperfect rites, are all the evidences of their knowledge either of a Supreme Being or of a future existence.

Respecting the Buddagurs (another of these tribes, who have apparently been settled some centuries, from the adjacent plains), we may cite a few miscellaneous particulars.

"They are an inferior race to the Thodawurs; being, with a few exceptions, very diminutive. The exceptions are striking, some of them standing above six feet high, and stout in proportion; but they are without the majestic and independent mien of the Thodawur. Their complexion is fair; and the men have mild and sometimes handsome features; the countenances, especially the nose, being of the Grecian cast. The girls, and very young women also, are not unhandsome; but hard work, and exposure in all weathers, soon

begin to alter their features; and the visages of some of the elder women are frightful.

"The preliminaries of their marriages differ materially from those of the Hindoos, the man being allowed to select his own partner, and the woman left at liberty to accept or decline him. When both parties are agreed, the man, accompanied by five or six friends, waits upon the parents of the damsel, to request their consent to the union; which having obtained, and having also entered into an agreement to pay a sum of money, seldom under ten rupees, or above twenty, the parents deliver their daughter to the bridegroom, with her dowry, which generally consists of a cow and bull, and a metal dish. They provide the *tally* also, the token of the marriage contract. It is made of gold, about the size and in the shape of a uniform waistcoat-button, with the shank at the side, and is suspended from the neck of the woman. This trinket is used for the same purpose by all the Hindoos of southern India. The parents then deliver to the bridegroom some appropriate advice, which he pledges himself to follow; and having concluded the service with feasting and mirth, the newly married couple repair to their home. In the event of a man's neglecting to pay the stipulated sum within a reasonable time, the parents of the bride endeavour to separate her from him, until he has fulfilled his conditions of the marriage. But if she refuse to leave him, another arrangement is made, and the cattle or other property of the husband sold to the amount of his debt. But there is a great drawback on both sides upon this seemingly harmonious arrangement, polygamy being practised by the men, and the women having it in their power to divorce their husbands. The men are allowed to have as many wives as they can afford to maintain; and the wife, from caprice or displeasure, may separate herself from her husband, and marry again. But in this case she is obliged to restore every thing she may have received from him, and he retains all the children she may have borne. Her next husband takes upon himself all the pecuniary responsibility of the first, paying the sum he stipulated to give for her, and all the debts she may have contracted during her former marriage. The women are allowed to repeat this barbarous transaction as often as they choose, but the subject is too disgusting to be more minutely described. * They have a singular mode of salutation, the inferior touching the chest of the superior with the crown of his head, which the superior immediately raises with both hands. Their language is a corrupt dialect of the Canarese, which, however, they understand when correctly spoken.

Their principal object of adoration is named Hettee-du, who, they affirm, was a man of their own cast that lived about a thousand years ago to a very great age. At his death, his wife resolved not to survive him; and having ordered seven small holes to be dug and filled with water, she walked round them, performing some ceremonies at the same time, and then strangled herself. In honour of this aged couple, every old man is called Hettee-pagati, and every old woman Hettee-magati. They build a hut to Hettee-du, in which a light is kept continually burning; but he is represented by no image. They regard him as the god of health, and perform a trifling ceremony to him once a year. A new cloth is then presented to him, and kept in the house till the next anniversary, when it is divided between the man employed in trimming the lamp of the house, and the Koorumbur who performs their ceremonies.

Another cloth is then put in its place, to be disposed of the following year in the same manner. They worship another god, whom they call Herar-du, and imagine that he was the deity who conducted them to the Neilgherries. They have an old mirror and a brass cup, which they brought from their native hills, and preserve with great care, as the representatives of Herar-du. These relics are locked up in a chest, which is kept in a small hut built for the purpose, and are brought out and cleaned once a year. After this ceremony the men sit down and eat, with the mirror and cup placed before them, and then carefully deposit them again in the chest. A person is appointed to take care of them, and the community remunerate him for his trouble with a small quantity of grain from each field. Besides these objects of worship or respect, they reverence indiscriminately Rungaswami, the Lingum, Narayanah, Kadayaw, Madduppan (god of cattle), and, indeed, all the gods of the different tribes incorporated with them. Though they suppose their gods to possess the human form, yet they make no images to represent them. One, on being asked where God resided, replied, that he could not tell, and that if he knew, he would be always with him. 'Why?' 'Because then I should be always happy'—a sentiment worthy of a better creed."

About the Kothurs (the third division), we have only room to quote one statement.

"Like the Chucklers of the low country, they devour the flesh of animals, of whatever distemper they may have died; and it is not uncommon to see them drive away the vultures, crows, and jackals, from a carcass half consumed, and carry the residue away. In 1825 this proved fatal to several men, four or five being poisoned by some putrid flesh. But, notwithstanding the unwholesome nature of their food, they are seldom afflicted with disease; and when once reconciled to their unsightly exterior, you begin to discover some stout, healthy-looking figures among them, especially the few who abstain from opium. But the major part of them consume large quantities of this deleterious drug, and bear in their countenances the marks of its soporific effects. The usual quantity which they consume daily is from ninety to one hundred grains, which they eat at two sittings. When unable to procure it, they drink, as a substitute, opium water, which they obtain by steeping the pericarpium of the poppy in cold water, and then squeezing out the liquor with their hands. A quart is usually taken at one time,—a quantity that I have seen a man drink off at a draught."

With this we conclude; only recommending to the consideration of our Indian government the idea thrown out by the author in the following note:

"These mountains offer a most eligible site for the establishment of a large population of Eurasians* or Indo-Britons. This has hitherto been a desideratum. The Neilgherries are in a great measure an unoccupied country. That class of people would, therefore, form a distinct and independent society. They would not be looked down upon either by Europeans or natives. * * A very small plot of ground on the Neilgherries, carefully managed, would go a

* "These are the descendants of Europeans by native mothers, many of whom are legitimate, and form a respectable class of society. Numerous attempts have been made to devise a name for them which should be universally acceptable, but hitherto without success. The last proposed was Eurasians,—a contraction, I presume, of European Asiatics."

great way towards the support of a family. From the size and excellence of the hides on the Neilgherries, a tannery might be established there with every prospect of advantage. There are very few trades indeed that might not be exercised with success. The easiest way of trying this plan would be for government to establish a branch of the asylum on the hills, say fifty boys, none of whom should be more than ten years of age. A large garden should belong to the establishment, which, under an intelligent superintendent, and with the assistance of a few men, might be cultivated by the boys. The produce would go far towards their own subsistence, and they would gradually acquire those habits which would qualify them for cultivating the soil on their own account."

The History and Doctrines of Buddhism popularly illustrated; with Notices of the Kappoism or Demon Worship, and of the Ball or Planetary Incantations of Ceylon. By Edward Upham, M.R.A.S. With Forty-three Lithographic Prints, from original Singalese Designs. Folio, pp. 136. London, 1829, Ackermann; Bath, Upham; Exeter, Upham; and Paris, Dondey-Dupré.

THIS volume, curious and important as are its investigations of oriental antiquities and religion, is but the precursor of a greater work, of which the prospectus lies before us: we allude to the *Mahā-vāsi, Rājā-vali, and Rājā-ratnācari*, (the sacred and historical books of Ceylon), from MSS. in the possession of Sir Alexander Johnston.*

The remote periods of Buddhism explored by Mr. Upham, and the multitude of the worshippers of that god, (still represented by the Lama in Tibet), spread over Northern India, China, Tartary, Ceylon, and other islands, render the exposition of its origin and character an inquiry of extreme interest; and we feel infinitely obliged to the author for the pains and labour which he has bestowed. He appears to us to have ransacked the wide range of Indian literature, and dipped deeply into the mysterious and mystical remains of the Palu. From these sources Mr. Upham has adduced an entirely new elucidation of the earth and atmosphere,

* "It is altogether owing to the enlightened views and active measures of Sir Alexander Johnston, that these important literary subjects, so clearly designated as desirable for the best interests of oriental literature, and so useful at this era to our political influence over the new provinces of our eastern empire, have been acquired from the Buddhist priests of Ceylon, and are stamped with the clearest evidence of their genuineness. Translated by Sir Alexander's native Cingalese official interpreters into English, and verified and revised by the ablest False scholar in Europe, they are now nearly ready for the press. From the information prefixed in a manuscript note by the translator, Rājā-pakke, a well-known intelligent native of Ceylon, the *Mahā-vāsi* is one of the most highly esteemed of all their sacred books, and has the character of being among the oldest of their writings, being throughout composed in Pāli, the sacred Buddhist language. This work has been so carefully preserved, that but slight differences are observable between the most ancient and more modern copies. It does not appear at what period it was composed, but it has been existing from the period that the books of Ceylon were originally written, and it contains 'the doctrine, race, and lineage of Buddhism,' and is, in fact, the religion and history of Buddhism. The *Rājā-ratnācari* was written by a priest of the Pansila, called Abeja-rājā-pirivana, of the temple Wal-gan-pawya-was; it is extracted out of ancient books, and is of high authority, being scarcely less esteemed than the *Mahā-vāsi* itself; and it contains the history of Buddhism, by an abridgment of the *Mahā-vāsi*, as well as records the erection of the temples, and the history of the kings, from the first king Wijaya, (whose reign is computed at 360 years ago), to the conquest of Ceylon by the Portuguese. The *Rājā-vali* is the work of many hands, and compiled from the local histories, which are inserted as corollaries and additions to the two more important works already cited. These three works, therefore, comprise all the authentic annals of Buddhism, drawn from their own sources."

whence he infers that the whole of Arabian fable, devis, peris, fairies, enchanters, giants, oracular birds, &c. &c. are derived. With respect to astronomy, as illustrated by these records, we need only notice that they corroborate Humboldt's theory,—that the twelve signs of the zodiac are not the original emblems, but altered from a more ancient sphere of the celestial mansions used in Central Asia. In these we see astrology as the parent of astronomy, and the rabbit (so frequent in Mexican hieroglyphics),* the ocelot, the sea-monster (so common to all the oldest systems), the raven (so distinguished in northern mythology), and other signs, the connexion of which with the Egyptian, the Grecian, and the Celtic, &c. is so remarkable, and throws so singular a light upon the early history and superstitions of the human race. In Buddhism we also find the hells, or rather hades of other regions, (for this faith has none but purgatorial punishments); and there is little in the machinery of Dante, or of Shakespeare's Hamlet, (brought from the Euxine by our ancestors, who were Buddhists), not to be recognised in these eastern stories. Still we cannot define Buddhism to be strictly a mythology: from Mr. Upham's researches, it is rather exhibited in the form of a class of opinions or doctrines, influential upon an immense portion of Asia, and operating on the moral and political government of the people. It appears to be a substitution for, or a reformation upon, the Paganism of the East,† of which the only existing memorials seem to be here preserved, inclusive of those which relate to that most extraordinary of worships, (if not in its commencement, for that was naturally grafted upon the weakness and fears of man, at least in its progress), Kappoism, or demon-worship, and the Ball or planetary influences. As if the Buddha could not destroy or expel this strange creed, he was obliged to admit it into a partnership, and engraft it on his own, about two thousand three hundred and forty years ago,—the date Gaudma assigned to modern Buddhism,—its anterior doctrines going back to the deluge.

The introduction thus sums up the chief points of general inquiry:—

"The sum of these remarks amounts to this—that Buddhism is in itself a primitive doctrine, of parallel pretension with Brahminism; that the later faith recognises its earlier doctrine, and incorporates its author with its philosophy; that the fatal wars which drove Buddhism from India originated in the principles which we trace in the revival of the present system of doctrine of the Buddha; and that the most important link therein is manifestly the doctrine of the metempsychosis—a principle alike subsisting both in the anterior eras and in the present Buddha-varouse, or law of Gaudma."

"The Buddha Gaudma is the object of the highest veneration: he presides over their universe; he is superior to all the gods; he is a worker of miracles and a muni, or divine teacher; and he conceived and accomplished his desire of becoming a Buddha (or an omniscient teacher and saint) in the manopeloka, or earth. This sublime act, as they deem it, is the grand excellency of the Buddha, as thereby he procured (according to Buddhist doc-

* The arbitrary sign of the fish-god, the Cipacatl of Mexico, and the Mackara of Buddhism, is of itself a signal approximation between the zodiacal signs of the two continents; also the two roads, shewn in the plates of the Nates, whereby those so born are without a star for any horoscope: they are neonatal, nameless and unhappy. The epagomene days are very important.

† A reference to Sir W. Drummond's *Origines* will greatly instruct readers inquisitive upon this subject.—Ed.

trine) salvation, or nirwana, for mankind; and hence our earth is termed, in reference to this peculiar and remarkable distinction, *the Ford of Nirwana*, or the road to the supreme state of felicity, which the inhabitants of the three other islands or continents are incapable of acquiring or aspiring to; and the Buddhist writings lay a particular stress on this high and remarkable privilege of man; for the entire scope and force of the doctrine of Buddhism is in no point more distinctive and strongly marked than in its ruling and vital principle, that 'the ascent to divinity is only to be acquired from the state of man.'"

The jutakas of the Buddha, or that portion which explains the transmigration of souls, is almost precisely the same with the doctrines afterwards promulgated by Pythagoras. Some instances of the change into various forms are illustrated by very curious plates. The drawings whence these engravings were lithographed are now preserved by the Royal Asiatic Society; and Mr. Phillips, in his lectures at Somerset House on painting, two years ago, mentioned them as being the only examples extant of the old mode of teaching by pictures. It is still common in Ceylon; where, on certain festivals, as we have been informed, the priests venture to comment on the past life, and convey admonition as to the future conduct of their rulers, by hanging up allegorical and descriptive pictures in their temples.

"The long struggle (says our author) between the Buddhists and the Brahmins dispersed the former over all the regions of central Asia, and through the islands of the Eastern Archipelago; in the various migrations which followed we may account for striking coincidences existing between India and Egypt and the Phœnician colonies; but how can we account for a conformity of astronomical and astrological data, and of religious rites and ceremonies, and connect together those of the Buddhists and the inhabitants of the new continent of America? Many interesting approximations between the traditions of the new continent and those of followers of the religion of Buddha, have been illustrated with peculiar force by M. Humboldt; but in nothing are they more strongly evidenced than in the practice of picture-writing, 'exhibiting the representation of an event with pictures, in which the objects represented are in a state of action with each other.' We find many valuable particulars in the recital of the first conquerors of the new world, such as those concerning the paintings which were sketched by the Mexican artists to convey to the unfortunate Montezuma a representation of the wonderful strangers who had arrived within his dominions; and of the same class with the Mexican paintings, according to the remarks of M. Humboldt, may be ranked the sketches contained in the Siamese manuscripts* in the Library at Paris. In these subjects, as well as in the observations

of ancient writers, and in many portions of the Chinese annals, we may trace the purpose of instruction by the eye; and the development of the legends, which we shall see recorded in these plates, will have a higher interest, from their belonging to the class of representations which apparently gave rise to pictorial history."

There is no head or division of this work which would not furnish us with overpowering matter for any review within the compass of our limits; and we are therefore left without any alternative, except that of taking a snatch here and there, the most likely to interest the general reader. Still we must pass by all the extraordinary remains of the demon worship, and the imaginative accounts of the Dewaloka, or six heavens, out of which hundreds of Arabian nights' tales might be fabricated, full of trials of life, colloquial dialogues, and pictures of manners. The gods in the Dewaloka heavens "are invested with qualities combining an agency and interest in the actions of man, which become thereby associated with their superior powers and dignity. These gods are termed the *Nat*," their character and operative influence on man are described in various parts of the Buddhist writings with the richest imagery, elucidating most of the grandeur, etiquette, and observances of the great princes and monarchs of this faith, who appear to have been intent upon transfusing the details of the Tavatzeina heaven and of the Dewaloka into their titles and usages, and to have framed their courts after the royal and splendid scenes of the Nat paradise. In these abodes are the mines of gold and silver, of diamonds, rubies, and all precious stones; gardens, or a paradise of sandal, and all odoriferous woods; trees, the produce of which are robes (splendid personal ornaments), and all sorts of riches: these are at the disposal of the gods for great and virtuous kings and men, votaries of the Buddha."

"In the Tavatzeina heaven grows the padzezebayn tree, on which, instead of fruits, hang precious garments, delicious viands, and whatever can give enjoyment to the Nat deities; beyond which are seven rows of palm-trees, on which grow gems of gold and silver. In the centre of the garden grows the celebrated flower which is as large as a chariot-wheel. The garden is called *nanda*, or crowd, because the Nat gods frequent it in multitudes to pull the flower, and wear it in their hair. Here is the renowned twining-plant, *lota*, which every thousand years produces a most exquisite fruit. In order to get at this fruit, the Nat gods assemble in crowds for one hundred years before it ripens; and for one whole year sing and dance, accompanied by drums and other musical instruments. Having eaten of that fruit, the Nat become inebriated for four entire months. Sekkraia and his thirty-two counsellors and gods periodically visit the celebrated tree, or *lota*, which is the sacred image of the heavens. This tree is surrounded with several padzezebayns, and when it flowers its ruddy splendour extends all around. Arrived there, Sekkraia takes his seat on his magic stone, and the whole assembly, seated, begin to celebrate the festival, which lasts for four months. They need not ascend the tree to

gather the flowers, for the Nat of the winds shake it, and make the flowers fall; and lest the beauty of the flowers should be spoiled, the winds support them, and permit them not to touch the ground. The whole bodies of the Nat are then covered with the odorous dust coming from the stems of the flowers."

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Naval Officer; or, Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

ONE of the consequences of the pseudo-literary, or rather of the publishing, fashion of the day, is, that it tempts persons to write, who, in other times, would never have thought of that employment:—the bookselling trade wants names; and blue-stocking miladies, young lordlings, the gentle of both sexes who have tastes for scribbling, captains naval and military having in peace-time nothing else to do, and a miscellaneous et-cetera of candidates, are readily encouraged to become authors, and lend the names required—"for a consideration." Besides these, there are the imitators and drudges of lower grade, who, to do them justice, play the characters of rank, title, and gentility, they are pleased to assume, with an *écclat* little short of that attained by the real owners; and cause and effect alternate—there are plenty of writers, plenty of puffing, plenty of mediocrity, plenty of readers, and more than plenty of books.

Where one is nearly as good as another, and the works produced are so very like Peter Pindar's razors, individual criticism is hardly worth while; but out of compliment to Captain Marriott, who is stated to be the Frank Mildmay of this novel, we shall bestow a few remarks upon his labours. The captain appears to be a sensible and a clever man, but novel-writing is not his forte. As a good and gallant officer we are told he is, but his reputation is not raised by this attempt at penmanship. This we presume to pronounce on several grounds. *First*, because the scope and tendency of his narrative is to depreciate the profession to which he has the honour to belong;—unintentionally, we firmly believe, yet still injuriously, as it must tend to degrade the naval character in the esteem of the country. *Secondly*, because there are several personal portraits, easily to be recognised, which must hurt the feelings of the parties if living, and of their friends and relatives if dead;—an offence excusable in a book-seller's hack, but not creditable to an officer of high station in the service. *Thirdly*, because there are frequent instances of allusions which would be most indecorous and unbecoming in decent society, and which no writer of any kind ought ever to have committed to the press. *Fourthly*, because there is a tone of great exaggeration throughout. And, *fifthly*, because there is a considerable portion of description, relative to the freedoms of a sailor's life, mixed up (to our judgment very improperly) with religion or religious cant; and the conclusion is brought about by a scene to which we can apply no other terms but those of rank (though we are sure unintended) profanation. Having these strong objections in our mind, we must confess our regret that this respectable gentleman should have joined the corps of amateur authors;—book-making is a difficult and dangerous business, and far better left alone than taken up by those who have no immediate vocation that way.

In other respects, the volumes before us display an acquaintance with the world, especially the aqueous part of it, and the abilities of a well-informed man. The first of them relates

* "The coincidences with Mexican subjects go much deeper than the use of picture-writings only. The Buddha Gautama, in his reprobation of human sacrifices and enforcement of bloodless rites, by substituting flowers and incense for his service, exhibits a striking resemblance to the Mexican deity, the mild Quatalcoatl, who is described as exercising the same pleasing influence over the Mexican tribes, but her harmless rites were despised and set at naught by the fierce Aztec race. There is, indeed, much of magic and violence strangely commixed with the milder tenets of Buddhism, and we shall find, lurking in its historical dogmas, many traces of violence and bloodshed. These are, in fact, indications of two different sources of doctrine; the primary one, the mild and benign; the fiercer and more palpable, the seed of a much later era."

* "If the inferior gods of Jugandere are described so as to remind us of the interesting tales of the Arabian Nights, the Nat deities are more essentially the prevailing genii of the Arabian fictions and the beneficent fairies of the West; they bestow riches at will; they can assume all forms; they wield the elements. The diamond fruits of Aladdin's garden are an exact copy of their gardens, and of the produce of the padzezebayn tree."

to the author's adventures as a school-boy and midshipman; and, though the theme has been oft repeated, it is by far the most amusing portion of the work. The second and third volumes become more dull and tedious; being, in short, very matter-of-fact history, with a spice of romance thrown in, and a few well-known anecdotes appropriated, in order to relieve the prolix monotony of common-place cruises, voyages, and affairs. To exhibit both the faults and the merits of the performance, we shall now go through with the *Naval Officer*, and point out as briefly as possible why we have censured, and why we have praised.

Under the assumed name of Mildmay in the title-page, the quotation is curiously indicative of the contradictions which follow; for the first line is

"My muse by no means deals in fiction!"

At school, however, master Mildmay paints himself in colours of more hardened and obdurate vice than, we trust, ever belongs to juvenile years out of a tale of fiction. At page 9 he is a blushing child when half detected in pillaging a hen-roost; and, in the next page, a few months has made him an "adept in vice" seemingly, from having robbed the orchard occasionally without being found out. But this violent contrast is out-done by a companion, "Tom Crauford, a fine, spirited fellow; up to every thing; loving mischief, though not vicious," &c.: the proof of which character is, that after helping him to abscond, this *fine, spirited fellow* joins the pursuit against him, and, when overtaken, this *not vicious* boy acts with the most consummate falsehood and hypocrisy. "Tom Crauford (says the author) helped me to scale the wall; and when he supposed I had got far enough to be out of danger from pursuit, went and gave information, to avoid the suspicion of having aided and abetted. After running a mile, to use a sea phrase, I hove to, and began to compose, in my mind, an oration which I intended to pronounce before my father, by way of apology for my sudden and unexpected appearance; but I was interrupted by the detested usher and half a dozen of the senior boys, among whom was Tom Crauford. Coming behind me as I sat on a stile, they cut short my meditations by a tap on the shoulder, collared and marched me to the right about in double quick time. Tom Crauford was one of those who held me, and outdid himself in zealous invective at my base ingratitude in absconding from the best of masters, and the most affectionate, tender, and motherly of all school-dames."

A more odious young scoundrel could scarcely be imagined; but this arises out of the fondness for exaggerated effects, for which we have blamed the author. Again, when bidding farewell to his mother, on departing for sea, there is equal violence done to nature and probability, merely for the sake of striking expression. "The letting down of the rattling steps completely overthrew the small remains of fortitude which my dearest mother had reserved for our separation, and she threw her arms round my neck in a frenzy of grief. I beheld her emotions with a countenance as unmoved as the figure-head of a ship; while she covered my stoic face with kisses, and washed it with her tears. I almost wondered what it all meant, and wished the scene was over. My father helped me out of this dilemma; taking me firmly by the arm, he led me out of the room: my mother sank upon the sofa, and hid her face in her pocket-handkerchief. I walked as slowly to the coach as common decency would permit. My father looked at me, as if he would

inquire of my very inward soul whether I really did possess human feelings? I felt the meaning of this, even in my then tender years; and such was my sense of propriety, that I mustered up a tear for each eye, which, I hope, answered the intended purpose. We say at sea, 'When you have no decency, sham a little;' and I verily believe I should have beheld my poor mother in her coffin with less regret than I could have foregone the gay and lovely scenes which I anticipated."

Could this have been true, so brutal a son never would have turned out any thing but a ruthless ruffian, whereas our hero was only a bit of a blackguard. But it is not our intention to follow him through all the sights and actions appertaining to this amiable quality. His account of a ship in harbour (p. 64) is not very correct. At Trafalgar he ridiculously describes the sailors with *tears running down their cheeks* when Nelson's famous signal was hoisted;—sailors going into battle are not so apt to pipe and snivel; and in this his first fight he absolutely tells us—the boy thirteen years old!—that he was secretly pleased when he saw two men killed near him, because they had witnessed his starting back when a heavy shot threw the water over his face! Indeed, his whole account of his feelings on this occasion is vastly unnatural.

"When we had once got fairly into action, I felt no more of this, and beheld a poor creature cut in two by a shot with the same indifference that at any other time I should have seen a butcher kill an ox. Whether my heart was bad or not, I cannot say; but I certainly felt my curiosity was gratified more than my feelings were shocked, when a raking-shot killed seven and wounded three more. I was sorry for the men, and, for the world, would not have injured them; but I had a philosophic turn of mind; I liked to judge of causes and effects; and I was secretly pleased at seeing the effect of a raking-shot."

I attended (he continues) the surgeon in the steerage, to which place the wounded were removed, and saw all the amputations performed, without flinching; while men who had behaved well in the action fainted at the sight. I am afraid I almost took a pleasure in observing the operations of the surgeon, without once reflecting on the pain suffered by the patient. Habit had now begun to corrupt my mind. I was not cruel by nature; I loved the deep investigation of hidden things; and this day's action gave me a very clear insight to the anatomy of the human frame, which I had seen cut in two by shot, lacerated by splinters, carved out with knives, and separated with saws!"

This, as Dominie Samson would exclaim, is "prodigious!" and it appears that our worthy young friend's elegant tastes were not improved by other circumstances; for he says, "I renewed my acquaintance with the classic authors. Horace and Virgil, licentious, but alluring, drove me back to the study of Latin, and fixed in my mind a knowledge of the dead languages, at the expense of my morals." A wonderful and odd effect, certainly! Who that ever read the ancient poets would fix upon *Virgil* (without question the purest as respects his morality) as peculiarly entitled to the epithet of "licentious?"

At a future time he was brought back among the dead from an attack on an enemy; and he relates, that Murphy (another midshipman and bitter adversary of his) "seeing my supposed lifeless corpse, he gave it a slight kick, saying, at the same time, 'Here is a young cock that has done crowing! Well, for a

wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!! The sound of the fellow's detested voice was enough to recall me from the grave, if my orders had been signed: I faintly exclaimed, 'You are a liar!' which, even with all the melancholy scene around us, produced a burst of laughter at his expense." Of this same Murphy he afterwards tells us, previous to saving him from drowning, it was "the desire of oppressing my enemy under an intolerable weight of obligation, that induced me to rush to his rescue; moreover, as I stood on the gangway witnessing his struggles for life, I felt that I was about to lose all the revenge I had so long laid up in store; in short, I could not spare him, and only saved him, as a cat does a mouse, to torment him." Need we repeat, that all this in boyhood is utterly unnatural? To avoid it, we will go to the longest extract we intend to make. The service led the middy to land on the eastern coasts of Spain, where the humane Suchet (see our last Gazette) was then carrying on his ameliorating war. "In the article of dress (he states), our 'catalogue of negatives,' as a celebrated author says, 'was very copious;' we had no shoes nor stockings, no linen, and not all of us had hats—a pocket-handkerchief was the common substitute for this article: we clambered over rocks, and wandered through the finny or muddy ravines in company with our new allies, the hardy mountaineers. These men respected our valour, but did not like our religion or our manners. They cheerfully divided their rations with us; but were always inexorable in their cruelty to the French prisoners; and no persuasion of ours could induce them to spare the lives of one of these unhappy people, whose cries and entreaties to the English to intercede for, or save them, were always unavailing. They were either stabbed before our faces, or dragged to the top of a hill commanding a view of some fortress occupied by the French, and, in sight of their countrymen their throats were cut from ear to ear. Should the Christian reader condemn this horrid barbarity, as he certainly will, he must remember that these people were men whose every feeling had been outraged. Rape, conflagration, murder, and famine, had every where followed the steps of the cruel invaders; and however we might lament their fate, and endeavour to avert it, we could not but admit that the retaliation was not without justice."

Our countrymen entered upon the defence of the castle of Trinity, the capture of which by the French was a necessary prelude to the fall of Rosas, respecting which the following is interesting.

"One morning, very early, I happened to have the look-out. The streak of fog which during the night hangs between the hills in that country, and presses down into the valleys, had just begun to rise, and the stars to grow more dim above our heads, when I was looking over the castle-wall towards the breach. The captain came out and asked me what I was looking at. I told him I hardly knew; but there did appear something unusual in the valley, immediately below the breach. He listened a moment, looked attentively with his night-glass, and exclaimed, in his firm voice, but in an undertone manner, 'To arms!—they are coming!' In three minutes every man was at his post; and though all were quick, there was no time to spare, for by this time the black column of the enemy was distinctly visible, curling along the valley like a great centipede; and, with the daring enterprise so common among the troops of Napo-

leon, had begun in silence to mount the breach. It was an awful and eventful moment; but the coolness and determination of the little garrison was equal to the occasion. The word was given to take good aim, and a volley from the masked guns and musketry was poured into the thick of them. They paused—deep groans ascended! They retreated a few paces in confusion, then rallied, and again advanced to the attack; and now the fire on both sides was kept up without intermission. The great guns from the hill fort, and the Swiss sharpshooters, still nearer, poured copious volleys upon us, and with loud shouts cheered on their comrades to the assault. As they approached and covered our mine, the train was fired, and up they went in the air, and down they fell buried in the rains! Groans, screams, confusion, French yells, British hurrahs, rent the sky! The hills resounded with the shouts of victory! We sent them hand-grenades in abundance, and broke their shins in glorious style! I must say that the French behaved nobly, though many a tall grenadier and pioneer fell by the symbol in front of his warlike cap. I cried with rage and excitement; and we all fought like bull-dogs, for we knew there was no quarter to be given. Ten minutes had elapsed since the firing began, and in that time many a brave fellow had bit the dust. The head of their attacking column had been destroyed by the explosion of our mine. Still they had re-formed, and were again half way up the breach when the day began to dawn; and we saw a chosen body of one thousand men, led on by their colonel, and advancing over the dead which had just fallen. The gallant leader appeared to be as cool and composed as if he were at breakfast; with his drawn sword he pointed to the breach, and we heard him exclaim, '*Suivez moi!*' I felt jealous of this brave fellow—jealous of his being a Frenchman; and I threw a lighted hand-grenade between his feet—he picked it up, and threw it from him to a considerable distance. 'Cool chap enough that,' said the captain, who stood close to me; 'I'll give him another; which he did, but this the officer kicked away with equal *sang froid* and dignity. 'Nothing will cure that fellow,' resumed the captain, 'but an ounce of lead on an empty stomach—it's a pity, too, to kill so fine a fellow—but there is no help for it.' So saying, he took a musket out of my hand, which I had just loaded—aimed, fired—the colonel staggered, clapped his hand to his breast, and fell back into the arms of some of his men, who threw down their muskets, and took him on their shoulders, either unconscious or perfectly regardless of the death-work which was going on around them. The firing redoubled from our musketry on this little group, every man of whom was either killed or wounded. The colonel, again left to himself, tottered a few paces farther, till he reached a small bush, not ten yards from the spot where he received his mortal wound. Here he fell; his sword, which he still grasped in his right hand, rested on the boughs, and pointed upwards to the sky, as if directing the road to the spirit of its gallant master. With the life of the colonel, ended the hopes of the French for that day. The officers, we could perceive, did their duty—cheered, encouraged, and drove on their men, but all in vain! We saw them pass their swords through the bodies of the fugitives; but the men did not even mind that—they would only be killed in their own way—they had been fighting enough for one breakfast. The first impulse, the fiery onset, had been checked by the fall of their brave

leader; and *sauf qui peut*, whether coming from the officers or drummers, no matter which, terminated the affair, and we were left a little time to breathe, and to count the number of our dead. The moment the French perceived from their batteries that the attempt had failed, and that the leader of the enterprise was dead, they poured in an angry fire upon us. I stuck my hat on the bayonet of my musket, and just shewed it above the wall. A dozen bullets were through it in a minute: very fortunately, my head was not in it! The fire of the batteries having ceased, which it generally did at stated periods, we had an opportunity of examining the point of attack. Scaling ladders and dead bodies lay in profusion. All the wounded had been removed; but what magnificent 'food for powder' were the bodies which lay before us!—all, it would seem, picked men; not one less than six feet, and some more: they were clad in their gray capots, to render their appearance more *sombre* and less discernible in the twilight of the morning; and as the weather was cold during the nights, I secretly determined to have one of these great coats as a *chère amie* to keep me warm in night-watches. I also resolved to have the colonel's sword to present to my captain; and as soon as it was dark I walked down the breach, brought up one of the scaling ladders, which I deposited in the castle; and, having done so much for the king, I set out to do something for myself. It was pitch dark. I stumbled on; the wind blew a hurricane, and the dust and mortar almost blinded me; but I knew my way pretty well. Yet there was something very jackal-like in wandering about among dead bodies in the night-time, and I really felt a horror at my situation. There was a dreadful stillness between the blasts, which the pitch darkness made peculiarly awful to an unfortified mind. It is for this reason that I would ever discourage night-attacks, unless you can rely on your men. They generally fail: because the man of common bravery, who would acquit himself fairly in broad day-light, will hang back during the night. Fear and Darkness have always been firm allies, and are inseparably playing into each other's hands. Darkness conceals Fear, and therefore Fear loves Darkness, because it saves the coward from shame; and when the fear of shame is the only stimulus to fight, daylight is essentially necessary. I crept cautiously along, feeling for the dead bodies. The first I laid my hand on made my blood curdle. It was the lacerated thigh of a grenadier, whose flesh had been torn off by a hand-grenade. 'Friend,' said I, 'if I may judge from the nature of your wound, your great-coat is not worth having.' The next subject I handled had been better killed. A musket ball through his head had settled all his tradesmen's bills; and I hesitated not in becoming residuary legatee, as I was sure the assets would more than discharge the undertaker's bill; but the body was cold and stiff, and did not readily yield its garment. I, however, succeeded in obtaining my object; in which I arrayed myself, and went on in search of the colonel's sword; but here I had been anticipated by a Frenchman. The colonel, indeed, lay there, stiff enough, but his sword was gone. I was preparing to return, when I encountered, not a dead, but a living enemy. '*Qui vive!*' said a low voice. '*Anglois, bête!*' answered I, in a low tone; and added, '*mais les corsaires ne se battent pas.*' '*C'est vrai,*' said he; and growling, '*bon soir,*' he was soon out of sight. I scrambled back to the castle, gave the countersign to the sentinel, and shewed my new great-coat

with a vast deal of glee and satisfaction; some of my comrades went on the same sort of expedition, and were rewarded with more or less success. In a few days, the dead bodies on the breach were nearly denuded by nightly visitors; but that of the colonel lay respected and untouched. The heat of the day had blackened it, and it was now deprived of all its manly beauty, and nothing remained but a loathsome corpse. The rules of war, as well as of humanity, demanded the honourable interment of the remains of this hero; and our captain, who was the very flower of chivalry, desired me to stick a white handkerchief on a pike, as a flag of truce, and bury the bodies, if the enemy would permit us. I went out, accordingly, with a spade and a pick-axe; but the tirailleurs on the hill began with their rifles, and wounded one of my men. I looked at the captain, as much as to say, 'Am I to proceed?' He motioned with his hand to go on, and I then began digging a hole by the side of a dead body, and the enemy, seeing my intention, desisted from firing. I had buried several, when the captain came out and joined me, with a view of reconnoitring the position of the enemy. He was seen from the fort, and recognised; and his intention pretty accurately guessed at. We were near the body of the colonel, which we were going to inter; when the captain, observing a diamond ring on the finger of the corpse, said to one of the sailors, 'You may just as well take that off; it can be of no use to him now.' The man tried to get it off, but the rigidity of the muscle after death, prevented his moving it. 'He won't feel your knife, poor fellow,' said the captain; 'and a finger more or less is no great matter to him now: off with it.' The sailor began to saw the finger-joint with his knife, when down came a twenty-four pound shot, and with such a good direction, that it took the shoe off the man's foot, and the shovel out of the hand of another man. 'In with him, and cover him up!' said the captain. We did so; when another shot, not quite so well directed as the first, threw the dirt in our faces, and plunged the ground at our feet. The captain then ordered his men to run into the castle, which they instantly obeyed; while he himself walked leisurely along through a shower of musket-balls from those cursed Swiss dogs, whom I most fervently wished at the devil, because, as an aide-de-camp, I felt bound in honour as well as duty to walk by the side of my captain, fully expecting every moment that a rifle-ball would have hit me where I should have been ashamed to shew the scar. I thought this funeral pace, after the funeral was over, confounded nonsense; but my fire-eating captain never had run away from a Frenchman, and did not intend to begin then. I was behind him, making these reflections; and as the shot began to fly very thick, I stepped up alongside of him, and by degrees brought him between me and the fire. 'Sir,' said I, 'as I am only a midshipman, I don't care so much about honour as you do; and therefore, if it makes no difference to you, I'll take the liberty of getting under your lee.' He laughed, and said, 'I did not know you were here, for I meant you should have gone with the others; but since you are out of your station, Mr. Mildmay, I will make that use of you which you so ingeniously proposed to make of me. My life may be of some importance here; but yours very little, and another midshipman can be had from the ship only for asking: so just drop astern, if you please, and do duty as a breast-work for me!' 'Certainly, sir,' said

I, 'by all means;' and I took my station accordingly. 'Now,' said the captain, 'if you are *'doubled up,'* I will take you on my shoulders!' I expressed myself exceedingly obliged, not only for the honour he had conferred on me, but also for that which he intended; but hoped I should have no occasion to trouble him. Whether the enemy took pity on my youth and *innocence*, or whether they purposely missed us, I cannot say: I only know I was very happy when I found myself inside the castle with a whole skin; and should very readily have reconciled myself to any measure which would have restored me even to the comforts and conveniences of a man-of-war's cockpit."

We have mentioned that this work is calculated to lower the navy in the eyes of England; and though two or three apologetic salvos are thrown in, such is its general bearing. At page 210 the portrait of a brute of a captain; at 214 that of a bad admiral; at 223 a story of an infidel commander; and many other passages in the succeeding vo-

"When much excited, he had a custom of shaking his shoulders up and down, and his epaulettes on these occasions flapped like the huge ears of a trotting elephant. At the most distant view of his person or sound of his voice, every midshipman not obliged to remain fixed like the land-cannon at West India beach."

It is told by a seaman about to be hanged for mutiny. "When I was [says he] an officer's servant, I was one day tending the table in the ward-room, and I heard the commander of a sloop of war, who was dining there with his son, say that it was all nonsense—that there was no future state, and the Bible was a heap of lies. I have never been happy since." After describing the execution of this man, at some length, we are regaled with a story. "That the execution of a man on board of a ship of war does not always produce a proper effect upon the minds of the younger boys, the following fact may serve to prove:—There were two little fellows on board the ship; one was the son of the carpenter, the other of the boatswain. They were both of them surprised and interested at the sight, but not proportionally shocked. The next day I was down in one of the wings reading by the light of a purser's dip-swing, a furling ensign, when these two boys came sliding down the main hatchway by one of the cables. Whether they saw me and thought I would not peach, or whether they supposed I was asleep, I cannot tell; but they took their seats on the cables in the heart of the tier, and for some time appeared to be in earnest conversation. They had some articles folded up in a dirty check-shirt and pocket-handkerchief; they looked up at the battens to which the hammocks are suspended, and producing a long rope-yarn, tried to pass it over one of them; but unable to reach, one boy climbed on the back of the other and effected two purposes, by reeling one end of the line, and bringing it down to the cabin again. They next unrolled the shirt, and, to my surprise, took out the boatswain's kitten, about three months old; its fore paws were tied behind its back, its hind feet were tied together, and a fishing-lead attached to them; a piece of white rag was tied over its head as a cap. It was now pretty evident what the fate of poor puss was likely to be, and why the lead was made fast to her feet. The rope-yarn was tied round her neck; they each shook one of her paws, and pretended to cry. One of the urchins held in his hand a life, into which he poured as much flour as it would hold out of the handkerchief, the other held the end of the rope-yarn; every ceremony was gone through that they could think of. 'Are you ready?' said the executioner, or he that held the line. 'All ready,' replied the boy with the life. 'Fire the gun!' said the hangman. The boy applied one end of the life to his mouth, blew out all the flour, and in this humble imitation of the smoke of a gun poor puss was run up to the battens, where she hung till she was dead. I am ashamed to say I did not attempt to save the kitten's life, although I caused her foul murder to be revenged by the cat. After the body had hung a certain time, they took it down and buried it in the shot-locker; this was an indelicate offence, as the smell would have proved, so I lodged the information; the body was found, and, as the facts were clear, the law took its course, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who saw the brats tied upon a gun and well flogged. The boatswain ate the kitten; first, he said, because he had *'learned'* to eat cats in Spain; secondly, because she had *'not'* died a natural death (if thought otherwise); and his last reason was more singular than either of the others—he had seen a picture in a church in Spain, of Peter's vision of the animals laid down in the sheet, and there was a cat among them; observing an alarm of scepticism in my eye, he thought proper to confirm his assertion with an oath. 'Might it not have been a rabbit?' said I. 'Rabbit! ah! d—me, think I didn't know a cat from a rabbit! Why, one has got short ears and long tail, and t'other has got *'long ears,'* as we call it."

lumes, all tend to produce this effect. But it is time we should close Vol. I.: the author's wit at a masquerade at Minorca—his pious feelings on hearing of his mother's death (improved by an old story adopted for the nonce)—his return to England—his running away from his father's house—his saving a young lady's life—and his joining a band of strolling players, out of love for their Juliet,—finish its pages; and with them nearly all the interest of the publication.

As novel-writing, however, is now the mania in vogue, and as this species of publication usurps the place of more wholesome literature, we shall next week offer some further remarks on the subject, and on the indecencies and profanity which unfit this particular work for the public eye.

The Sorrows of Rosalie. Fourth edition, with Additional Poems. Ebers and Co.

It has often been matter of regret to us that there should be so lamentably few good song-writers among our poets; and we therefore hail with greater pleasure this new edition of a popular author, because she has removed, by her additions to the volume, a considerable portion of that feeling. These additions chiefly consist in a small collection of lyric compositions of much beauty,—not only admirable in themselves, but peculiarly adapted for the purposes of singing, as we know from their having been arranged to music by the authoress herself, who is about to appear, ere long, in the double character of bard and musician.

The "Fairy Bells" is sweet as the sound of music heard on waters in summer evening deep and still, but better adapted to the guitar and voice of moonlit serenader than our pages; so we shall commence with a song to the tune of our friend Crofton Croker.

To the air No. 5, in the "Legends of the Lakes."

"Oh, Erin, sweet Erin! thy strains
To the heart-broken exile are dear;
And each note in its sweetness remains
Long, long on the listening ear."

* It runs thus:—"I was walking the deck in no very happy state of mind, reflecting seriously on parts of that Bible which for more than two years I had never looked into, when my thoughts were called to the summons which poor Quidd had received, and the beauty of the funeral service which I had heard read over him—'I am the resurrection and the life.' The moon, which had been obscured, suddenly burst from a cloud, and a cry of horror proceeded from the look-out man on the starboard gangway. I ran to inquire the cause, and found him in such a state of nervous agitation that he could only say, 'Quidd! Quidd!' and point with his finger into the water. I looked over the side, and, to my amazement, there was the body of Quidd,

"All in dreary hammock shrouded,
perfectly upright, and floating with the head and shoulders above water! A slight undulation of the waves gave it the appearance of nodding its head; while the rays of the moon enabled us to trace the remainder of the body underneath the surface. For a few moments I felt a horror which I cannot describe, and contemplated the object in awful silence, while my blood ran cold, and I felt a sensation as if my hair was standing on end. I was completely taken by surprise, and thought the body had risen up to warn me; but in a few seconds I regained my presence of mind, and I soon perceived the origin of this re-appearance of the corpse. I ordered the cutter to be manned, and, in the mean time, went down to inform the first-lieutenant of what had occurred. He laughed, and said, 'I suppose the old boy finds salt water not quite so palatable as grog. Tie some more shot to his feet, and bring the old fellow to his moorings again. Tell him the next time he trips his anchor, not to run on board of us. He had his regular allowance of prayer; I gave him the whole service, and I shall not give him any more.' So saying, he went to sleep again. * * * The cutter being manned was sent with more shot to attach to the body and sink it. When they attempted to hold it with the boat-hook, it eluded the touch, turning round and round, or bobbing under the water and coming up again, as if in sport; but accident saved them any further trouble; for the bowman, reproached by the boat's crew for not hooking the body, got angry, and darting the spike of the boat-hook into the abdomen, the pent-up gas escaped with a loud whizz, and the corpse instantly sank like a stone. Many jokes were passed on the occasion; but I was not in humour for joking on serious subjects."

But even when those sounds should be gay,
Such sorrow is mixed with their tone,
And each note melts so slowly away,
That our hearts feel their sadness alone!
Oh, 'tis thus when life's sunshine is o'er,
And its visions in darkness are hid,
When the friends of our youth are no more,
And our hearts will not beat as they did—
A sound will bring back thoughts that pass
Like a shadow o'er all that is glad;
We may laugh if we will, but, alas!
E'en the sound of our laughter is sad."

The poems which follow are "beautiful exceedingly;" the first verses of "Highland Mary" breathe of Burns.

"Long Ago!"

Long ago! oh, long ago!
Do not those words recall past years,
And, scarcely knowing why they flow,
Force to the eyes unbidden tears?
Do ye not feel, as back they come,
Those dim sweet dreams of olden days,
A yearning to your childhood's home,
Peopled with tones of love and praise—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! when many a sound
Awoke to mirth which sadness now,
And many an eye was sparkling round
That weeps beneath a darkened brow:
When with our whole young happy hearts
We loved and laughed away the time,
Nor thought how quickly all departs,
So cherished in life's early prime—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! the hopes we nursed
Of happiness, of earthly fame,
Were bright as bubbles that burst—
A glittering drop, an empty name!
Oh, but to be one hour again
(Whatever that sweet hour might cost)
Free from dim memory's torturing pain,
With those we loved—with those we lost—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! who breathes there here
O'er whom the past hath no such power?
Young heart! if I see thy sky is clear,
Beware, beware the future hour!
Perchance the chords that echo now
In after years thou'lt hear again,
And gazing on each faded brow,
Wilt sighing say, 'I heart that strain
Long, long ago!'"

"Que ne suis-je la fougère?"—Old French Ballad.

I would I were the slight fern growing
Beneath my Highland Mary's tread,
I would I were the green tree throwing
Its shadow o'er her gentle head!
I would I were a wild flower springing
Where my sweet Mary loves to rest,
That she might pluck me while she's singing,
And place me on her snowy breast!
I would I were in yonder heaven:
A silver star, whose soft dim light
Would rise to bless each summer even,
And watch my Mary all the night!
I would, beneath those small white fingers,
I were the lute her breath has fanned—
The gentle lute, whose soft note lingers,
As loath to leave her fairy hand!
Ah, happy things! ye may not wander
From Scotland to some darker sky,
But ever live unchanging yonder
To happiness and Mary nigh!
While I at midnight sadly weeping
Upon its deep transparent blue,
Can only gaze while all are sleeping,
And dream my Mary watches too!"

We are puzzled to choose, where every thing is so pretty; perhaps, however, the following may please best, as some contrast to the foregoing.

"Chatter's Farewell."

Farewell, thou dearest of all things
Beneath the bright and blessed sky:
Since thy loved voice the mandate brings,
'Twill not be hard to die.
And yet, as it thy voice which spoke
The wild and withering word of Death?
Thy voice, whose tones the love awake
Which haunts my parting breath!
Oh! when the heart which hath so well
Its deep and lone devotion proved
Is still, and tongues have ceased to tell
How fully it loved,
Wilt thou—wilt thou who for that crime
Hast doomed its warm life-blood to pour,
Think sometimes of the olden time—
The smile and song of yore?
Yes, Mary, yes! each burning thought
The quivering lip refused to own,
Each glance of love shall rise unsought,
And haunt thee when alone!

When watching as we watched the rays
Of evening's pale and gentle star,
Merry will bring my shortened days—
Thou'lt weep for Chastel!

"The Captive."
In my dungeon I sat weeping
Till I sank to brief repose,
And forgot while I was sleeping
That I slept among my foes!
For sweet music round me floated,
Music of my native land,
For whose dear sake my life devoted,
I had sought a foreign strand.
Ravished, I enraptured listened
To the well-remembered lay,
In mine eye soft tear-drops glistened,
Which I would not wipe away:
In mine ear were voices ringing—
Tones whose magic now is past,
Rocky lips around me bringing
Which have leached and sung their last!
Oh, 'twas sweet! but soon awaking,
I could hear no sound at all,
Save the mournful billow breaking
Hoarsely o'er my dungeon-wall.
Back the cruel winds had driven
What had been so dear to me—
I caught it like a harp from heaven,
Fading o'er the dreary sea!"

Amongst the most beautiful of the miscellaneous poems which Mrs. Norton has added to her collection in the present edition, is a touching epistle addressed to her brother at Madras. It is contrasted by a high strain of vision, addressed to Erin, which is far too vivid and Hibernian for our taste, though it displays as high poetical powers as any thing that Mrs. Norton has written. Unwilling to mix our own poetical feelings with the fierce politics and wrongs of the green isle, we are therefore glad to content ourselves with the beautiful lyric specimens we have already quoted, and recommending this half-new volume to the public as another pleasing example of female genius.

HYDROPHOBIA.

[On reviewing the article of four military and marine brothers last Saturday, we mentioned a striking case of hydrophobia, of which one of them was witness at Dublin in 1816; and as the narrative is both remarkable and interesting, we present it to our readers. It follows.]

"ABOUT three months ago, a large French dog, belonging to one of the officers, was observed to grow uncommonly surly, and attempted to bite at every dog he met in the streets: this change of temper in the animal was attributed by his master (who was very fond of him) to his having eaten a quantity of meat which had been given to him highly seasoned with pepper, &c. However, towards the evening of the day on which the change in the animal was perceived, he became at intervals quite outrageous, and bit his master and two more officers who happened to be in the room: notwithstanding, his master was inclined to think it was done more in rude play than any thing else; consequently, no measure was taken to secure him. That evening I saw the dog, and thought him uncommonly ruffled; when I attempted to caress him, and was patting him on the back, he turned at me, and savagely growled, although he used to know me well. The next day he was more violent, and furiously bit at several dogs who crossed his way; still, unfortunately, no measure was taken to secure him, his master supposing nothing was the matter with him. On the evening of the second day, the dog was lying in his master's room, perfectly tranquil, when this unfortunate young man (who has fallen the victim) entered; he remained in it some time before the dog took any notice of him; however, he suddenly made a spring at him, seized him by the shoulder, and pulled him to the ground, and tore the arm down to the shoulder, and was with difficulty taken off him. A sergeant of the regiment happened to enter the room on

duty, about this time; the dog seized him by the leg, and tore away a considerable portion of flesh; he bit also two soldiers, one by the nose and the other on the hand. Still the animal was suffered to be at large, and even slept in his master's room by his bedside, and licked his face repeatedly. The following morning the master of the dog began to feel some alarm, and asked me to go with him to look at him. I advised him to have him shot: he agreed. As we were going to the spot where he lay, he bolted up, snapping at every thing which came in his way. He passed close by me; I called him, but he did not notice me. He ran through the streets of Dublin; bit a number of dogs and a child: he attempted to seize a man, who fortunately had a hammer in his hand, with which he struck him on the head and killed him. The tongue of the dog was immediately cut out upon the spot by a physician, who on examination pronounced the animal to have been in an advanced stage of hydrophobia. None of the officers or soldiers who had been bitten knew the decision of the physician; nor did they know of any ill effects having arisen to those who had been bitten. However, the child died; and three dogs which had been bitten died in about six weeks, exhibiting symptoms of hydrophobia. All this was kept secret, therefore no cause of alarm from report could have excited hydrophobic feelings in the unfortunate young man who has fallen a sacrifice; on the contrary, he was in high spirits, and applied for leave of absence to go and see his friends in Worcestershire, as he had some intentions of being married. He obtained leave, thinking it might divert his attention, and he left us with the same flow of spirits. During his absence, all was forgotten; and those remaining who had suffered, (though not quite so severely), recovered their cheerful habits. The period of leave granted to my poor friend having expired, he set out from his father's house a few days ago, in perfect health, to rejoin his regiment. (This he told me a few hours before he died.) When he got to Birmingham, he said he had a curious taste in his mouth, which made him not relish his breakfast as usual. However, it gave him no alarm, nor did he again think of it till he got to Shrewsbury, when he found he had a great distaste to both eatables and drinkables when put before him, although he felt an inclination to eat and drink when not before him. He could not account for this, but observed he felt no alarm, until he called for porter, feeling thirsty. When it was brought, he put it to his mouth, but the moment he took a mouthful, he dashed the glass from his lips, and spit the porter over the table, and I believe the passengers rose up and said he was mad. This extraordinary feeling, of not being able to eat and drink, though he wished to do so, caused him some uneasiness, though he was willing to believe it was the effect of a sore throat, and comforted himself under this idea. He proceeded by the coach to Holyhead, ruminating what could be the cause of this sensation, when the coach passed a small lake of water, the surface of which being ruffled by the wind, he immediately shuddered at the sight, and with a kind of horror he could not describe, hid his face with his hands:—for the first time, the dreadful idea of hydrophobia struck him. When he arrived at Holyhead, he wished to wash before dinner, and called for water; when it was brought to him, and in the act of putting it towards his face, he screamed violently, threw the water about the room, and was convulsed for some time: the servant left the

room alarmed. He then tried to clean his teeth, but could not get the brush into his mouth, on account of the water remaining upon it. The packet by this time was ready to sail, and he embarked. Poor fellow! while he was relating his sad tale to me, we were sitting together by the fire-side, he having just landed from Holyhead, which place he sailed from the night before; consequently, this was the third day only since his attack at Shrewsbury. He had then been on shore about two hours, and had ordered a coach, and drove up to the royal barracks. Before he began to tell me, on his arrival, of the symptoms he had experienced on his journey, he greeted me on our first meeting with, 'How are you, my dear fellow? Here I am at last returned, but I fear with hydrophobia!' I affected to laugh at it, but was much shocked, and replied, it could only be imaginary: he said, it could not be so, for he thought he should have died coming on shore in the boat; he was so much affected at the sight of the water, that they were obliged to cover him, in order that he might not see it. He also observed, that if he had remained on board one day longer, he felt convinced that he should have died mad. I was still inclined to think there might be a good deal of imagination in my friend, and endeavoured to persuade him to believe so; although I cannot describe the poignancy of my feelings at hearing him relate what he suffered at intervals since he left Shrewsbury. In the course of our conversation, some dogs began to bark in the barrack-yard: he sprang up suddenly from his chair, looking over my shoulder, and said in a hurried manner, 'Dogs!' If I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget that moment; something struck me so forcibly that the poor sufferer would die, that I was afraid to meet his eyes, fearing he might discern signs of alarm in me, from emotion. He was in the act of peeling an orange, which we had persuaded him to try to eat, as he had taken nothing since he rejected the porter at Shrewsbury. When he had taken off the rind, he put a small piece into his mouth; but as soon as he felt the liquid, he became greatly convulsed, spit out the orange, and gave an inward scream. When he recovered himself, he burst into a fit of laughter, and said, 'There! was not that like the bark of a dog?' A physician arrived soon after, who is eminent in Dublin. As soon as he entered the room, the poor fellow apologised to him for having given him the trouble to come, as he thought he had symptoms of hydrophobia, but believed it was only the effect of a sore throat, therefore would give him no further trouble. He appeared to catch at any thing which might give hopes of life. We were very anxious to learn the decision of the physician, on his leaving the room: upon inquiry, he pronounced his death to be inevitable. It is unnecessary to describe the state of our minds on receiving this melancholy news:—to know that our brother officer, with whom we were conversing, to all external appearance in perfect health and apparent spirits, was to be numbered with the dead in a few hours, was deeply distressing. The doctor added, that he was in an advanced stage of hydrophobia, that bleeding him copiously, in order that he might die easy, was the only thing that could now be done for him. I remained with him some time, conversing about various things (though completely forced on my part), as his spirits remained good. On leaving him, I asked him when he intended to dine at the mess; he replied, he could not dine with us that day, but

he thought he should be able to do so in a day or two, when his sore throat was better. After he was bled he felt relieved, thought he should sleep well, and hoped to be able to drink water by the next morning. Some time after, in the course of the evening, he appeared at intervals rather wild and confused, and told an officer to get out of his way, or he would bite him. Afterwards, he became more tranquil, and sent his compliments to one of the married ladies of the regiment for a prayer-book; but begged it might not be mentioned, or he should be laughed at. About midnight he became very violent, so that three men could scarcely hold him: he afterwards recovered a little, and fell into a kind of slumber, which was disturbed by his springing up now and then, and crying out, 'Do you hear the dogs?' in a quick and hurried voice: he also imagined at times that he barked like a dog. He requested he might be left alone, about one o'clock in the morning, his servant only remaining in the room, when, in about ten minutes, he looked up at the man, quite calm and collected, and said, 'he regretted that his mother and sisters were not with him.' He then prayed a short time, turned himself round, burying his face in the pillow, and expired without a groan.—Such was the melancholy end of one of the finest young men in his majesty's service."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Oxford and Locke. By Lord Grenville. London, 1829. Murray.

THIS pamphlet, from the lettered retirement of Dropmore, is of much interest to the classic literature of England. It clearly exculpates the University of Oxford from the charge of having expelled the immortal Locke, and shews that this was an arbitrary act of the government of Charles the Second, in which the College of Christ Church was simply (and could not be otherwise) the passive instrument. The vindication is drawn forth in consequence of Professor Stewart's having adopted the calumny from the incautious expressions of Mr. Fox and other writers, including Pope, to whom Lord G. administers a little wholesome correction for a very erroneous passage in the *Dunciad*, alluding to this supposed expulsion. Some other particulars in the life of our great philosopher are happily illustrated. The pamphlet is elegantly and feelingly written.

The School-boy. By the Rev. W. Birch, M.A. 12mo. pp. 16. Rivingtons.

"WHAT is there in a name?" Much more than unphilosophical people generally imagine. We remember a poor fellow of a custom-house officer in Edinburgh, of the name of Alexander Gun, whose inevitable fate was thus entered in the books of that establishment, "A GUN discharged for making a false report;" and here we have the *School-boy* done by Will. Birch, *Magister Artium!* Indeed, we know many instances wherein the name had an obvious influence on the fate of the individual. Having said thus much on the author, we have only to observe of his poem, that it is a pleasing composition to incite the youthful to study and improvement.

* From the following extract, it would, however, appear that Mr. Locke himself thought Oxford hostile to him. Speaking of the third edition of his *Essay*, he thus writes to Mr. Molyneux: "But what perhaps will seem stranger, and possibly please you better, an abridgement is now making (if it be not already done) by one of the University of Oxford, for the use of young scholars, in the place of an ordinary system of logic. From the acquaintance I had of the temper of that place, I did not expect to have it get much footing there."—Dated Oates, April 26, 1685.

Parry's Fourth Voyage. 18mo. pp. 211. J. Murray.

THE world in a walnut-shell, and a quarto volume into a snuff-box. This is one of those little diamond curiosities in our growing class of cheap publications.

Domestic Instruction on useful and interesting Subjects. By Mrs. Mathias, author of "The Laundry Maid," &c. 18mo. 2 vols. London, 1829. Seeley and Co.

A SWEET little book for children, with much of useful information, and much of pleasing variety. Really, if the young do not grow up virtuous and intelligent, it will not be for want of teaching and temptation to knowledge.

Arcana of Science, &c. for 1829. 12mo. pp. 286. London, 1829. Limbird.

FOR the mature and instructed, this is a valuable register of the progress of science and arts during the past year. Engravings, and a low price, qualify it for extensive utility.

Calamities of the Catholic Question; a Story of the Times. 12mo. pp. 41. Hookham.

A LITTLE pamphlet from the pen of Lord Nugent, in which, by means of a domestic story in middle life, he endeavours to bring the follies of the virulent controversy on this great question home to our hearths and bosoms. It is favourable to tolerance, and to all the Romish religion except confessions, which the noble writer seems to think gives the man, priest, more than a proper influence over the female portion of society.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Eighth Letter from M. Champollion.

Island of Philoe, 8th December.

ON the evening of the 5th we arrived here in the holy island of Ostris, at the extreme frontiers of Egypt, among the black Ethiopians, as a brave Roman of the garrison of Syene would have said.

I left Thebes on the 26th of November, and in the evening landed at Hermonthis: we ran on the morning of the 27th to the temple, which the more excited my curiosity, because I had no precise notion of the time of its erection; nobody had yet designed a single one of these royal legends. I passed the whole of the day there; and the result of this prolonged examination was, to convince me, by the inscriptions and the sculptures, that this temple was erected under the reign of the last Cleopatra, daughter of Ptolemy-Auletes, and in commemoration of the birth of Ptolemy-Cesarion, her son (as history says) by Julius Caesar.

The cells of the temple is in fact divided into two parts; one great apartment (the principal), and one very small one, serving instead of the sanctuary: we enter this by a small door towards the angle on the right: the whole of the back wall of this little apartment, which is called in the hieroglyphic inscription the "chamber of lying-in," is occupied by a bas-relief, representing the goddess Riho, the wife of the god Mandou, delivered of the god Harphre; she is lying down, and supported and served by several goddesses of the first order. The divine midwife takes the child from the mother,—the divine nurse holds her hands to receive it, assisted by a rocker. The father of all the gods, Ammon (Amon-Ra), is present, accompanied by the goddess Soven, the Egyptian Lucina, protectress of childbirth. Lastly, queen Cleopatra is supposed to

be a witness of this divine accouchement, of which her own will be, or rather has been, an imitation.

The other wall of this chamber represents the suckling and education of the young divinity; and on the lateral walls are represented the twelve hours of the day, and the twelve hours of the night, under the figures of women, having a starry diadem on their heads. Thus the astronomical table of the ceiling, designed by the commission of Egypt, may, perhaps, be only the nativity of Harphre, or, more probably still, Cesarion, the new Harphre. This zodiac therefore has no reference to the summer solstice, or the epoch of the foundation of the temple of Hermonthis.

On leaving the small room, to enter the large one, we saw a large bas-relief sculptured on the wall to the left of this principal apartment; it represents the goddess Riho recovering from her lying-in, supported by Soven, and presented to the assembly of the gods. The divine father, Amon-Ra, affectionately gives her his hand, as if to felicitate her on the birth of her son; and the other gods partake in the joy of their chief. The rest of the apartment is decorated with pictures, in which the young Harphre is successively presented to Ammon, to Mandou his father, to the gods Phre, Phtals, Sereh (Saturn), &c. who welcome him, presenting to him their characteristic insignia, as if resigning in favour of the child all their power and their particular attributes; and Ptolemy-Cesarion, with an infantine countenance, is witness of all these presentations of his image, the god Harphre, whose representative on earth he is. All this is priestly flattery, but entirely in the taste of ancient Egypt, which placed its kings on a level with its gods. All these dedications and inscriptions, both interior and exterior, of the temple of Hermonthis, are made in the name of Ptolemy-Cesarion, and his mother Cleopatra. There is, therefore, no doubt of the date of its erection. The columns of a kind of pronaos before it, have not all been sculptured; the work has remained imperfect, and this is perhaps caused by the dedication of the temple. Augustus and his successors, who finished so many other temples begun by the Lagides, could not be very eager to finish this monument, erected in honour of the birth of the son of Julius Caesar, a royal child whose rights they did not respect.

On the evening of the 28th we reached Esne, not intending to stay there. I therefore sailed a little farther to the south, and landed on the east bank, to visit the temple of Contra-Lato. I arrived there very late; it had been demolished within the last fortnight, to strengthen the quay of Esne, which the Nile threatens, and will one day carry off.

In the morning of the 29th I went to visit the great temple of Esne, which, thanks to its new destination as a magazine of cotton, will escape destruction for some time. I found there, as I expected, pretty good architecture, but detestable sculpture. The most ancient portion is the back of the pronaos, that is to say the door, and the back of the cella, against which the portico was built. This part is of the time of Ptolemy Epiphanes. The cornice of the façade of the pronaos bears the imperial legends of Claudius; the cornices of the lateral basis the legends of Titus; and in the interior of the pronaos the walls and columns are covered with the legends of Domitian, Trajan, and particularly Antoninus, and, lastly, of Septimus Severus, which I find here for the first time. The temple is dedicated to Chnouphis; and I learn, by a hieroglyphic inscription of one of

the columns of the pronaos, that if the sanctuary of the temple exists, it must be as ancient as the time of Thoutmosis III. (Mæris). But all that is to be seen at Esne is of modern date; it is one of the monuments most recently finished.

On the 29th, in the evening, we were at Elethya (El Kal). I explored the enclosure and the ruins with a lantern in my hand; but I found nothing more. The remains of two temples had disappeared; they were demolished a short time ago, in order to repair the quay of Esne, or for some other modern construction.

I visited the great temple of Edfou (Apollonopolis Magna) in the afternoon of the 30th. This is untouched; but the sculpture is very bad. The best and the most ancient part is of the time of Ptolemy Epiphanes; next that of Philometor and Evergetes II.; then Soter II. and his brother Alexander: these two last are extremely laboured. I have found here Berenice, the wife of Ptolemy Alexander, with whom I had already been made acquainted by a demotic contract. The temple is dedicated to Aroëris (the Greek Apollo): I shall study it, as well as all the others, in detail, on my return from Nubia.

The quarries of Silsilis (Djebel Selseleh) have much interested me. We landed there on the 1st Dec. at one o'clock. There, my eyes fatigued with so many sculptures of the time of the Ptolemies and the Romans, saw again with delight these Pharaonic bas-reliefs. These quarries are very rich in inscriptions of the eighteenth dynasty. There are some small chapels excavated in the rock, by Aménophis-Memnon, Horus, Rhamses the Great, Rhamses his son, Rhamses Méfamon, Mandoudé: it has beautiful hieratic inscriptions. I shall study all this on my return, and I promise myself very interesting results from this spot.

On the evening of the 1st Dec. we arrived at Ombos. I hastened to the great temple on the morning of the 2d: the most ancient part is of Ptolemy Epiphanes, the rest of Philometor and Evergetes II. A curious fact is, the surname of Triphane constantly given to Cleopatra, the wife of Philometor, both in the great hieroglyphic inscription sculptured on the front frieze of the pronaos, and in the bas-reliefs of the interior: it is for you Greeks of Egypt to explain this singularity. I had already found this surname in one of the demotic contracts in the Louvre. The temple of Ombos is dedicated to two divinities. The right hand, and noblest part, to the old Seveh, with the crocodile's head, (the Egyptian Saturn, the most terrible form of Ammon), to Athyr and the young god Khous. The left part of the temple is dedicated to a second triad of inferior rank, namely, Aroëris (or Aroëris Apollo), to the goddess Tsomenofre, and to their son Pnevtho. In the wall of the enclosure surrounding the temple of Ombos, is a gate of excellent workmanship, and of the time of Méris: it is the remnant of the primitive edifices of Ombos.

It was not till the 4th of Dec. in the morning that the wind permitted us to reach Syene (Assuan), the last town of Egypt to the south. There too I experienced great regret: the two temples of the island of Elephantina, which I went to visit as soon as the heat of the sun had abated, are likewise demolished. I was obliged to be contented with a ruined gate, dedicated to the name of Alexander (son of the conqueror), to the god of Elephantina, Chnouphis, and with a dozen of hieroglyphical proscynemata

(acts of adoration) carved on an old wall: lastly, with some Pharaonic fragments, which are scattered about, and employed as materials in the buildings of the time of the Romans. I had examined in the morning the remains of the temple of Syene: it is the most wretched sculpture I have seen; but I have found there, for the first time, the imperial legend of Nerva, which, to my knowledge, does not exist elsewhere. This little temple was dedicated to the gods of the country and of the cataract, Chnouphis, Saté (Juno), and Anoukis (Vesta).

On the morning of the 6th, I visited with much pain from gout the great temple at Philoe. Our barks are preparing for the voyage to Nubia, where we shall have something new to see. I shall write from that country if I have opportunity, before my return to Egypt. For the rest, all goes on well.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MARCH 13.—Mr. Brockedon "on a new mode of sketching effects rapidly in *chiaro-scuro*, and on its application to lithography." The lecturer stated the principle of the method to be that of mezzotinto, and detailed the following as the process:—an unctuous black ground is laid over a white surface of Bristol card-board, or similar material, and the lights taken out by a knife, the forefinger, or any other convenient means. Mr. Brockedon shewed specimens of art wrought in this simple way by Mr. Harding and himself: he then pointed out its successful application to lithography in some productions from stone, the work of Westall and of foreign artists; and spoke of the capabilities which the method gave to lithography where it thus obtained perfect command over a mezzotint process.

Mr. Brockedon's subject was short but plainly and well told, and altogether that which best becomes the theatre of the Royal Institution at the evening meetings of its members, where it has been too frequently the practice of young lecturers to weary their auditory by prolix and dry detail.

On the library-table were a very interesting set of models of agricultural implements used in India; they were on the scale of one inch to a foot: the drill ploughs and "scarifiers" (used in India, we believe, as the harrow in England) were exceedingly interesting; they had been made in India by native artists, and brought from thence by Colonel Briggs. Several presents in literature were also exhibited.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

MARCH 3d.—Mr. Clegg offered several facts evincing the complete protection of gasometers, when properly coated with coal tar. The principles of the common method of preserving wrought iron were explained by Mr. Farey. The iron, when at a dull red heat, is dipped in water, and, by the explosive force of the steam disengaged, is freed from scales and extraneous substances; the immediate application of linseed oil prevents the formation of any fresh film of oxide, while, from the heat still retained by the iron, the oil is more readily disposed to penetrate the inequalities of the surface thus varnished. Mr. Field described the several processes for the preservation of the iron provision tanks used in Capt. Parry's first Polar Expedition. The conversation concluded with some observations on iron roofs, and on the test* for the comparative durability of build-

* The effects produced by this test are purely mechanical. The operation of tetrahedral crystals, possessing, for this purpose, similar chemical qualifications to those of the Glauber salt, would be still more speedy and effective.

ing-stone: the latter has been already noticed in the *Literary Gazette*.

MARCH 10th.—Some curious particulars relative to the Cornish mines were communicated by the President of the Royal Society. The water which percolates the veins of copper ore becomes a solution of sulphate of copper and other salts, and is destructive to the iron pipes of the pumps. In one instance, the maker's name painted in white lead effectually preserved the iron so coated; and important advantages have accrued from this accidental suggestion.

Mr. McNeill read a paper explanatory of the specimen of road pavement he had lately presented to the Institution. He described the road-making of France, Spain, and Holland; and compared, with the assistance of appropriate sections, the plan termed *Macadamisation*, and the system at present pursued by Mr. Telford under the parliamentary road commissioners. He remarked on the increase of friction occasioned by ill-constructed wheels; and mentioned the various prices of the road-metals* tried and approved on the Holyhead road. He lastly enumerated several experiments connected with the improvement of the metropolitan roads. The results of these experiments serve to establish the fact, that materials judiciously chosen, though at first expensive, will, in the end, obviate the necessity of heavy repairs, and will consequently diminish the growing inconveniences of the present system, which, in the despatch of business, frequently threatens retardation where facility should be afforded. Mr. McNeill received the thanks of the Institution; and the conversation closed with some remarks by Mr. James Walker, on the advantage of stone wheel-tracks or rail-ways.

On the Practicability of a Journey by Land from the Copper River to the Polar Sea and Hudson's Bay.

THE Russian possessions on the north-western coast of America afford a most eligible opportunity for bringing such an enterprise to bear. The Copper River, lying in 60° of northern latitude, and 144° of western longitude from Greenwich, with the mouth of which only we are at present acquainted, would be the point from which we would start. Independently of important accessions to geographical science, such an enterprise would probably bring accessions also of territory, rich in copper and abounding with costly furs.

The information obtained from the natives and the fur-merchants, agrees in stating, that the Copper River springs from the declivity of a steep mountain, and that its banks are inhabited by the Ugalakmouts, a kindly and peaceable race of men. At its mouth, and in the vicinity of the bay of Tschimgatschin, lie the two islands, Sukli and Nutschik; on the latter, the American company has established a colony, which is visited every year by several Russian vessels, and is become the staple of the fur-trade in that quarter. Bajenoff, a Russian merchant, having been employed by Baranoff, the Company's superintendent, to explore the sources of the Copper River, penetrated for a distance of three hundred wersts into the interior, and was returning homewards with an enormous body of copper, when an Indian chief, apparently anxious that the covetous spirit of the Russian traders should not be

* A literal example of the technical term *road-metals* was lately afforded on part of a London road, broken up for the purpose of improvement, where scraps of the old iron, to the amount of several tons, had been mixed with gravel, in order to ensure a trustworthy foundation.

kindled by so unlooked-for a result, eased the plunderer of his valuable burden. On this excursion Bajenoff discovered another stream, which flows into the Copper River, and is capacious enough to be navigable. At some distance from it, he saw such immense numbers of rein-deer, that, as the Indians assured him, he might have captured thousands of them with ease. White bears, lynxes, martens, and beavers, were seen in abundance. He also learned that there was another considerable river to the north, which runs into the sea.

M. Klimofski, another Russian trader, had also followed the course of the Copper River for a space of two hundred wersts. He found its banks covered with dense forests, but it did not appear adapted to the purposes of navigation, though he conceived it might prove useful in facilitating inland communications. At the foot of a mountain in the interior dwelt the Atnakmiats, a race whose disposition he found to be quite as friendly as that of the Ugalakmiats. They are accustomed during the winter season to unite with other tribes of Indians who inhabit the opposite side of the mountain, and celebrate certain festivities, which last for several months: on this occasion, the cutlery which is obtained from the Russians by the Ugalakmiats, passes through the medium of the Atnakmiats into the hands of their visitors from the other side. Klimofski brought back samples of the finest quality of copper, as well as a few base guineas, which must have reached this tribe from the district of Hudson's Bay: this fact is sufficient to demonstrate the possibility of a communication between that Bay and the Copper River. An expedition, composed of a commandant, a writer, a naturalist, a draftsman, and two mariners acquainted with smith's work and carpentry, would be perfectly competent to bring such an attempt to a successful issue. They would either avail themselves of the vessels which annually sail to Kamtschatka, and thence to the island of Sitka, or travel by land to Ochotzk, whence they could embark on board of the ships which depart in the spring of the year for Nutschik, and thus reach the Copper River. They would have sufficient occupation during the first summer in exploring the coasts, or examining the Elias mountains; the ensuing autumn would find them amongst the Atnakmiats, from whom it would be requisite to demand hostages for their safety; they would spend the winter with these people, and take advantage of the festivities to which we have alluded, to become acquainted with the Indians of remoter parts, and acquire such information from them as would remove many of the difficulties which might otherwise harass their journey of discovery the succeeding spring. Their first attempt should be to reach the Polar Sea, and afterwards to penetrate to the Mackenzie River; nor would the probability of their finding mines of silver in those quarters fail of imparting additional interest to such an enterprise.—*Séverin Arkhif.*

TRAVELLERS.

At a very recent sitting of the Académie Royale des Sciences in Paris, an account was read of a journey made by a naval officer named Kolff in the eastern part of the Indian archipelago. The work was accompanied with a map, on which is marked a river—the Dourga, whose mouth was recently discovered.

At the same sitting, M. Fontanier gave some particulars of his travels in Georgia, Persia, and Turkey, and stated several very interesting circumstances relative to those countries.

M. Honoré Vidal, who recently arrived from the Levant, gave an account of his numerous journeys in Asia and Egypt, from 1807 to 1823. It appears that M. Vidal has crossed the deserts of Arabia four times, under the most painful circumstances, and in the most disagreeable seasons. He has also visited every part of Mesopotamia and Babylon, and has made two journeys from Bagdad to Constantinople by sea and by land. In addition to this, M. Vidal has traversed Syria, Anatolia, Asiatic Turkey, Persia, a part of Armenia, and the coast of the Black Sea and Egypt: he has undertaken all these journeys almost wholly at his own expense, actuated solely by a love of science. His knowledge of the Turkish language, and his acquaintance with Mussulman customs, enabled him to introduce himself almost every where, and to make a number of interesting observations relative to distances, the courses of rivers, &c., which he intends to publish as soon as his notes are completed, and to present them to the Geographical Society. M. Jomard announced, that M. Drovetti, the French consul in Egypt, had been enabled, in a great measure, to realise his philanthropic project; as six young Africans, from the most remote parts of Ethiopia, had been sent to France to be educated, and to obtain a knowledge of European customs. M. Jomard gave a statement of the progress these young Africans had made in their studies; from which it appeared, that those who are learning chemistry underwent an examination a few days ago, and answered in the most satisfactory manner the questions put to them.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, March 14.—On Wednesday last the Proctors for the ensuing year were elected by their respective societies, and the election announced to the Vice-Chancellor, in conformity with the Caroline statute.

The Rev. J. T. Round, M.A. Balliol College; the Rev. R. A. Thorpe, M.A. Corpus Christi College. On Thursday the following degrees were conferred: *Bachelors in Divinity*—Rev. H. Biddulph, Rev. G. J. Majendie, Fellows of Magdalen College. *Masters of Arts*—J. Beames, Grand Compounder, Rev. R. C. Brackenbury, Lincoln College; Hon. and Rev. A. C. Talbot, All Souls College; J. Corfe, Magdalen College; Rev. J. Jerram, Wadham College. *Bachelor of Arts*—G. Caldwell, Merton College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 19th. The President in the chair.—Capt. Sabine's paper "on experiments made with the pendulum *in vacuo*," was resumed and concluded.

Capt. Phillips was admitted and took his seat as a fellow; Capt. Hutchinson, the Director of the British Foundry in India (Calcutta), and D. Elliotson, of Jesus College, Cambridge, were elected.

March 5. A paper was read, entitled, "Anatomical description of the foot of a Chinese female." By Bransby Blake Cooper, Esq.; communicated by P. M. Roget, M.D. Sec. R.S.

The foot of which an account is here given was obtained from the dead body of a female found floating in the river at Canton, and had all the characters of deformity consequent upon the prevailing habit of early bandaging for the purpose of checking its natural growth. To an unpractised eye it has more the appearance of a congenital malformation, than of being the effect of art, however long continued; and appears at first sight like a club foot, or an unreduced dislocation. From the heel to the great toe the length of the foot measures only four inches; the great toe is bent abruptly backwards, and its extremity pointed directly upwards; while the phalanges of the other toes are doubled in beneath the sole of the foot, having scarcely any breadth across the foot

where it is naturally broadest. The heel, instead of projecting backwards, descends in a straight line from the bones of the leg, and imparts a singular appearance to the foot, as if it were kept in a state of permanent extension. From the doubling-in of the toes into the sole of the foot, the external edge of the foot is formed in a great measure by the extremities of the metatarsal bones; and a deep cleft or hollow appears in the sole of the foot, across its whole breadth. The author gives a minute anatomical description of all these parts, pointing out the deviations from the natural conformation. He remarks, that from the diminutive size of the foot, the height of the instep, the deficiency of breadth, and the density of the cellular texture of the foot, all attempts to walk with so deformed a foot must be extremely awkward; and that in order to preserve an equilibrium in an erect position, the body must necessarily be bent forwards with a painful effect, and with a very considerable exertion of muscular power.

At a late sitting (Dec. 18) the following paper was read: "On the Water of the Mediterranean." By W. H. Wollaston, M.D. F.R.S.

The late Dr. Marcet, in his examination of sea-water, of which he has given an account in the Philosophical Transactions for 1819, had been unable, for want of a sufficient number of specimens of water taken at various depths in the Mediterranean, to draw any certain inference as to what becomes of the vast amount of salt brought into that sea by the constant current which sets in from the Atlantic through the straits of Gibraltar, and which, on the evaporation of the water, must either remain in the basin of the Mediterranean or escape by some hitherto unexplained means. In the hope of obtaining further evidence on this question, he had requested Captain Smyth, R.N., who was engaged in a survey of that sea, to procure specimens of water from the greatest accessible depths. The specimens collected by Captain Smyth were, in consequence of Dr. Marcet's death, given to other persons and applied to other objects. Dr. Wollaston, however, fortunately obtained the three remaining bottles of the collection. The contents of one of these, taken up at about fifty miles within the Straits, and from a depth of 670 fathoms, was found to have a density exceeding that of distilled water by more than four times the usual excess; and accordingly it left upon evaporation more than four times the usual quantity of saline residuum. The result of the examination of this specimen accords completely with the anticipation that a counter-current of denser water might exist at great depths in the neighbourhood of the Straits, capable of carrying westward into the Atlantic as much salt as enters into the Mediterranean with the eastern current near the surface. If the two currents were of equal breadth and depth, the velocity of the lower current need only be one-fourth of that of the upper current, in order to prevent any increase of saltiness in the Mediterranean.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MARCH 19. Hudson Gurney, Esq., M.P., V.P., in the chair.—A paper by the Rev. John Webb was read, descriptive of the rights, customs, and history, of the monks of the Abbey Church of St. Peter's, Gloucester, from its first institution. Some very curious and interesting extracts were given from the early charters. Walter Froster, abbot, caused a chronicle of the monastery to be compiled in 1412,

and to him the antiquary is chiefly indebted for the re-edification of the building.

Mr. Lynch was admitted a fellow of the Society; and notice was given that the ballot for the Rev. John Brereton, LL.D., Head Master of Bedford School; and Robert Lanyon, jun., of Lostwithiel, esq., would take place on Thursday, the 26th March.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 15th. — Anniversary meeting. The president in the chair. After some preliminary business, the Madras auxiliary of the Royal Asiatic Society, lately established by the governor and principal officers of the presidency of Madras, was admitted into union. The Society's report for the past year announced the union of the Bombay Literary Society with the Royal Asiatic; the publication of the first part of the second volume of the Society's Transactions; the election of three natives of Asia, who had signalled themselves by their love of literature, as honorary and corresponding members; the presentation of a great number of donations to the library and museum; and, though last, not least in importance, Col. Tod's intention of bequeathing his valuable oriental library to the Society. The auditors next reported on the state of the Society's finances; and Sir Alexander Johnston reported the proceedings of the committee of correspondence. Council and officers for the present year were then elected.

In the evening the members dined together at the Thatched House Tavern, the Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, the president, in the chair, supported by their Excellencies Counts Munster and De Moltke, Mr. Barbour the American minister, Colonels Tod and Briggs, Lieut. Alexander the traveller, and several other persons of distinction.

MADRID.

THE annual public meeting of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid took place on the 28th of last November. The president, M. de Navarrete, gave an account of their proceedings for the year. The digest of the Chronicle of Fernand IV., which had been suspended for twenty years, has been continued by several committees, and is nearly ready for the press. Other committees have been employed in preparing for publication the General History of the Indies, by Ponzalo-Fernandez de Oviedo. Materials have been collected for the seventh volume of the Memoirs of the Academy, which will soon appear, and which will contain dissertations on numismatics, on the history of Castile, that of Arragon, &c. Although the Academy was exceedingly desirous of speedily publishing the Royal Statutes (*el fuero real*) of King Alphonso the Wise, it had been obliged to retard their appearance, for the purpose of collating the various manuscripts. The Mirror of the Laws (*el espejo*) will accompany the volume of Royal Statutes. The weekly meetings of the Society were occupied throughout the year by the reading of a number of very interesting papers by the various members. M. de Navarrete has been re-elected president.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

MARCH 11th. Mr. Phillips delivered a lecture on painting. — After some preliminary remarks on the acquiring of practical knowledge, the lecturer divided the principles of his art into two classes; the first embraced design, composition, colouring, and chiaro-scuro, and might be termed the elementary principles; the second

were its governing principles, which consist in the regulations by which the elementary ones are best employed, and are deduced from experience, and illustrated by examples found in the labours of intelligent artists. Some hints on imitation and outline followed. In alluding to the interesting and beautiful series of designs from Homer, Dante, Eschylus, and Hesiod, by Flaxman, Mr. Phillips successfully proved how valuable a portion of the art of painting was design, which in itself possessed such a degree of power, that colour, light, and shade, were of no effect without it, and even composition was chiefly dependent upon it. Annibal Carracci characterised it as the beginning, the middle, and the end of the art. In closing his remarks on this part of the subject, the lecturer observed, that to be capable of drawing a line at once correct and free, and fitted to its purpose, was to possess an instrument of power over all the attributes of the art of painting. In describing the details of design, Mr. Phillips cautioned the students against acute or right angles, as unfavourable to grace and beauty in the limbs of figures, though frequently available for expression: the same remark was applicable to parallel lines, though Raffaele had frequently and beautifully employed figures in parallel direction, to enforce expression in the most direct manner. Mr. Phillips next glanced at the works of the Greek sculptors, traced the growth of design under the influence of the taste and skill displayed in the paintings of Raffaele, took a review of various of the works of this great master, and illustrated the subject by drawings and prints from his works and those of M. Angelo — drew a contrast between the lines of the one and the other, observing that Raffaele, when at his best, was more gentle than Angelo — less convex, with, at the same time, less of occasional acuteness — the muscles not so full, nor so much in action, and the parts of the joints less distinctly marked; hence the sensation created in viewing some of the works of Raffaele was more agreeable, but less forcible in expression, than M. Angelo's produced. Mr. Phillips closed his lecture by a few animated remarks on composition, and defined it to be of two kinds in historical painting; one the offspring of sentiment, the other merely technical: the first was the firm foundation upon which rests the composition of the Florentine school; the other distinguished that of Venice after Titian's time: the same remark applied also to Parma, and frequently to the Bolognese schools, where each sacrificed the principle of the other to attain its own end. The lecture was numerously attended.

MARCH 16th. — The President in the chair. Mr. Westmacott, in this his last lecture for the season, treated of composition, which he stated to be the same throughout the whole range of art; it is either simple or compound. In sculpture it is divided into three heads; — 1st, simple, as it applies to construction or action in a single object, for example the Apollo; 2d, columnar, which includes two or more objects, whose base is confined or nearly parallel with its bulk, as in the group of the Venus and Cupid of the Vatican; and 3d, pyramidal, whether it regards height or extent, as in the group of the Laocoon. Mr. Westmacott then particularly enjoined an attention to due equipoise or balance of figure, and said that he could not express his meaning more intelligibly than by stating, that if the figure were merely divided, there being no artificial support, its weight would be equal: the necessity of strictly adhering to proportion in this

point, was proved from nature, by the limits of whose laws it was not possible to transgress this balance; the chin could not exceed the line of the clavicle, &c.: he next quoted instances of fine balance in seated and erect figures, and defined columnar composition, enforcing a strict attention to quantity. Pyramidal composition followed; it assumes a different character, not requiring so strict adherence to the balances at the angles. Mr. Westmacott illustrated this head of his discourse, by directing the attention of his numerous auditory to the Laocoon, in nearly the following words: — In the swelled and ample chest, in the inspiration of breath, in the contraction of the abdomen, whether arising from anguish, fear, or collection of strength to disentangle himself from the writhing of the serpents; in the greatness of the conception, in the marvellous design, and no less masterly execution, the artist's intelligence is equally displayed. The lecturer then offered a few remarks on *alto* and *basso relievo*; and closed his subject with what might be termed some valedictory observations, in which he enjoined the students to pursue their studies with diligence, and, above all, to maintain the ground which they had gained: to him, as professor, they owed but temporary belief, and he asked only the suspension of their judgment until they had been fully instructed in the principles which he had endeavoured to inculcate.

The lecture was illustrated by fine specimens of drawings from bronzes, in the possession of the Chevalier Brondstedz, and other costly productions.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Select Views in Greece. By H. W. Williams. No. XII. Longman and Co.

To this, the last Number of Mr. Williams's highly interesting and elegant work, might be justly appended the old epigraph, "Finis coronat opus." The print of "Athens restored," in particular, is exquisitely beautiful. In so saying, however, we are very far indeed from intending to detract from the merits of "the City and Castle of Livadia," "Nemea," "Argos," or the lovely composition entitled "Grecian Landscape." In concluding his work, Mr. Williams expresses his obligations to the gentlemen to whose assistance he has been indebted in the course of the execution of it, especially to Mr. Cockerell and Mr. Paterson: "to the former, for the inimitable beauty and accuracy of the sketches which he has furnished for many of the engravings; and to the latter, for the masterly manner in which he has assisted in furnishing apposite quotations and original translations for the subjects." The result of their united labours has certainly been the completion of a publication which must henceforth be considered indispensable to the library of every man of taste and classical knowledge and feeling.

Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages conspicuous in English History; accompanied by concise Biographical Memoirs, &c. By John Gough Nichols. Part IX. J. B. Nichols and Son.

THIS is so singularly curious and interesting a publication, that we are happy to learn that, since the fifty plates in which the collection was intended to be comprised have been finished by the engraver, the proprietors have received so many valuable communications and suggestions from various friends, that they are induced to extend their work with one additional No. Instead of ten parts, there-

fore, there will be eleven; and the eleventh will consist of the usual number of plates, and embrace some of the most interesting; and certainly the scarcest, autographs in the whole series.

Fisher's Illustrations of England. Nos. II. and III. Fisher and Son; Ackermann; Jones and Co.

LIVERPOOL furnishes the subjects for these two Nos. of this pleasing work; and the views which they contain afford abundant evidence of the wealth and growing taste of that populous and enterprising commercial town.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; and the Princess Victoria. Drawn from life by S. Catterton Smith, and on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Dickinson.

SLIGHT sketches, of which we prefer the first mentioned. On the resemblance of either, we are incompetent to pronounce.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

WE have taken a hurried glance at the annual Exhibition of British Artists about to open in Suffolk Street; and of which the private view is fixed for next Wednesday. We have much pleasure in stating, that it contains many pictures very honourable to our native school, and especially in landscape, to which Hofland, Glover, Roberts, Stanfield, and others, are distinguished contributors. There are also many clever productions in familiar life, portraits, fanciful designs, fruit-pieces, hunting, water-colour drawings, engravings, &c. &c.; and the sculpture-room is possessed of considerable attractions.

THE COLOSSEUM.

THE Committee of the trustees into whose management this extraordinary work has fallen seem to be proceeding with great energy and judgment, for which they deserve much praise. Turning their attention to the principal, we had almost said the single, object of public interest, they have appointed Mr. Parris to proceed with and finish the picture; and that very able artist is rapidly executing the remainder of what he had previously executed so far, and in so excellent a manner. We are told it will be completed in May. In the mean time, all the rooms, &c. are left *in statu quo*: the Swiss cottage and the conservatories have been finished; but Undine (the sweet figure by Sievier) has disappeared from the fountain. The scheme of reading-rooms, dining-rooms, club-rooms, aviary, &c. is relinquished. On the whole, we are glad to see the main design going on so rapidly and so well: the receipts, we hear, amount to about 40*l.* or 50*l.* daily.

MR. WILLIAM DANIELL'S PICTURES AND DRAWINGS.

WE have been favoured with a sight of these beautiful performances, at the house of the artist, in Russell Place; and, as we anticipated, were highly gratified. The various works from his pencil, which have for a long course of years enriched our public exhibitions, have rendered the talents and taste of Mr. Daniell too well known to need any eulogium from us, at this time of day; but we may remark that, successfully as his pictures and drawings have always stood the test of comparison with contemporary merit in those exhibitions, they are seen to so much greater advantage in his own rooms, and with the benefit of his own arrangement, that many of our old acquaintance have the air of perfect novelty. Such is the case, for instance, with the two remarkably fine

paintings of a Crocodile feeding on a dead Elephant, and the Boa destroyed by the comrades of a man sleeping in a boat. Perhaps the only novelty, in the full meaning of the word, is the picture of that exquisite specimen, in white marble, of oriental architecture, in its best period, erected at Agra by one of the emperors of the East for his favourite queen, and known by the name of the *Taje Mahl*. The representation is worthy of the original, and is one of Mr. Daniell's happiest productions. The drawings for the prints of Windsor Castle and its vicinity, which were noticed in the *Literary Gazette* a few weeks ago, rank in every respect with the most brilliant specimens of the powers of water-colours that we have ever met with.

BIOGRAPHY.

M. PACHO, the celebrated French geographer, has fallen by his own hand. He was born at Nice in 1795, at which period that town belonged to France. He was educated at the college of Tournon. His derangement, and the dreadful act which terminated his existence, were, it is said, the consequences of the injustice of which he was the victim. "The sole fruit," he observed in a letter to a friend, written in December last, "which I have derived from all my efforts, from all my labours, and from all my fatigues, is, that I have learned, but too late, to know mankind." It was in the night between the 25th and the 26th of January that, in the delirium of a burning fever, he destroyed himself. On the preceding evening he wrote several letters, in one of which the wandering of his mind was very evident; he declared in it, that he was assailed on all sides by furious enemies; and that at that very moment a crowd of persons was assembled under his windows, conspiring his ruin.—*Le Globe*.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL FEELINGS.*

"While the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind them to their native rocks the more."
Goldsmith.

THE beautiful and pathetic song of *Lochaber*, is known to, and admired by, all who have an ear for music or a soul for poetry; but heard by a Highlander in a distant land, and amid other scenes, the effect is similar to that produced on the Swiss by their national air, the *Ranz des Vaches*—it inspires a sad and earnest longing to return to the place of their nativity, the early haunts of their youth. The following anecdote was related to me by the medical gentleman who witnessed the effect: and at the same time that it tends to corroborate my assertion, it also proves how powerful is the sympathy existing between this our "tenement of clay" and its celestial inmate, the soul.

It was the fate of Dr. C. to accompany a Highland regiment across the Atlantic, to "a far distant shore." The station where the troops were encamped was very healthy, the climate particularly good: judge, then, of the surprise of the good doctor to find his soldiers falling sick daily, and his hospital filled with invalids,—whilst, as he could not discover the disease, he could apply no remedy.

One evening the moon shone so unusually bright, the scene from his window was so lovely, as the beams played upon the rippling water, or gave light and shadow to the mag-

* We thank our friendly correspondent for this touching little sketch.—*Ed.*

nificent forest-trees near his abode—that he was tempted to take a solitary ramble,

"Musing on days long past,
And pleasures gone for ever by;"—

the sound of the bagpipe struck upon his ear, and attracted him towards the barracks, where the piper was playing, in the most touching manner,

"Lochaber no more!

May be, to return to Lochaber no more!"

Dr. C. approached the large room unobserved, and, looking in, found all his men assembled, and all in deep emotion—some recumbent on the floor, some reclined against the wall, many in tears, and one, burying his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. My friend retired to his quarters: on the following morning he sent for the piper, and, bribing him to secrecy, commanded him in future to play nothing but lively airs, reels, strathspeys, and marches; but never, on pain of his displeasure, to breathe *Lochaber* again. The piper obeyed: the effect was magical—the invalids revived, and in a very short time not one remained in hospital.

This anecdote, which I know to be true, inspired me with a most ardent desire to see *Lochaber*—scenes must be beautiful which produce such a powerful effect upon the mind. Last summer, passing through the magnificent scenery of the northern lakes of Scotland, I came upon *Lochaber*: Ben Nevis reared his crowned head—at his base stood a cluster of miserable hovels, in a swamp where every breeze that passes by whispers "ague"—each hut is formed of wood and turf gathered from the morass beneath their feet—a hole in the roof forms the chimney—a hole in the side is the window, and in some of the huts window and door in one—not a tree to be seen:—yet dear as life to the Highlander is the memory of *Lochaber*. M. S.

THE COQUILA-NUT ORNAMENTS, &c.

A few weeks since, we noticed the very pretty ornaments,—necklaces, bracelets, and brooches, as well as snuff-boxes, segar-tubes, &c.—made from the shell of the coquilla nut; and we are glad to find that our mention of these novelties has recommended Mr. Coniglio (the ingenious foreigner, to whose taste we are indebted for them) to a good deal of employment. The world of fashion is always pleased with what is new; and it is no drawback in these times, even among the richest, that the articles are also becoming cheap and permanent. Such qualities induce us again to speak of our unassuming and classic coquilla favourites.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday night, a medley composition, entitled *Il Messicani*, was represented for the first time at this theatre. The title, we think, is rather a misnomer; it should have been called *Mezzicani*, for the opera is evidently fated "to go to the dogs." With the exception of a cavatina sung by Blasis, and a finale of Rossini's in the *Siege of Corinth*, the whole of the first act was one undeviating piece of dull consecutive declamation. M. Bochsa is said to be the compiler of this strange production, in which he has shewn very little operatic tact. An older stager would have introduced more part music; solos and duets will never support a piece. Pisaroni used all her endeavours in the second act to retrieve the first. But the *tout-ensemble* was "stale, flat," and, we fear, will turn out "unprofitable," though the house was crowded at an early hour.

COVENT GARDEN.

A NEW musical after-piece by Mrs. Poebek, compounded of two French vaudevilles, *Le Mal du Pays* and *France et Savoie*, was produced here on Thursday, with complete success. The piece itself has nothing to boast of, either in dialogue or construction; and though the names of Madame Vestris, Miss Goward, and Miss Forde, Fawcett, Keeley, Wood, Wrench, Warde, and Meadows, figure in the bill, there is little for any of them to do. It is, however, a light, inoffensive affair, graced by some very sweet music, partly composed and partly arranged by Mr. Bishop, and half-a-dozen of the most picturesque and faithful views of Swiss scenery ever exhibited. So supported, we have little doubt that when Mr. Fawcett knows his part, *Home, sweet Home*, or the *Rans des Vaches*, may go off glibly enough, and take its turn for the season. Madame Vestris had two exceedingly pretty songs, and Wood one in which he was rapturously encored. Madame Vestris is a delightful, sprightly, lady-like little creature; but we wish she would take a lesson from Madame Jenny Colon Lafont,* and remember that when she is personating a simple Savoyard girl, her manner, tone, and language (for the latter, however, the writer was to blame) should, to make the deceit probable, be widely different from those of the dashing widow of a general officer, the character she first appears in. They are meant to be so in the French piece; and the picture is there heightened by the recollections of old times and customs infecting the fashionable lover, who also reassumes his national dress, and joins in the characteristic dance of his countrymen.

ORATORIOS.

On Wednesday, *Israel in Egypt* was grandly performed: the choruses this season are wonderfully fine. Bliss appeared for the first time; and Abraham was, as usual, a tower of strength. Last night *Judas Macabeus* was the leading performance.

VARIETIES.

Air-Balloons.—Some new experiments have lately been made at Florence, with a view to obtain the means of directing the course of air-balloons; but they do not appear to have had any satisfactory result.

Japan.—It has been proposed to the French Geographical Society to publish a map of Japan, by Titsingh, which is now in manuscript at Paris.

Drury Lane Fund.—The anniversary of this valuable charity took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on Wednesday: H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence in the chair. The day passed off with great pleasantry, and above 1000*l.* was subscribed.

York Minister.—At a public meeting on Thursday, a subscription was opened for the rebuilding of this noble structure. Lord Fitzwilliam gave 3000*l.*, and other noblemen and gentlemen liberally followed this generous example.

Sir H. Davy.—A report has been circulated during the week of the death of Sir H. Davy, in Italy, which we rejoice to say is unfounded.

Perlet.—A fine compliment was paid to the acting of Perlet last week, by the gentleman from whom we received the report of the per-

formances at the English Opera House. So completely did this artist play the Niece in *Les Angloises pour rire*, that he deceived our friend as to his identity, and he assured us that the part was as well acted as Perlet himself could have done it!!

Prussian Statistics.—A recent number of a German Magazine, edited by the celebrated Alexander von Humboldt, called "The Hertha," contains a long article on the statistics of the Prussian empire, from which we collect the following results:—In the year 1820 there were born 484,398 children, and the number of deaths within the same period was 296,909; making a difference of 187,489 in favour of the births, in a population of 11,101,601. In the year 1821, the number of births was 504,160, and the number of deaths 287,573, making an increase of 216,587. In 1822, the number of births amounted to 502,925, and of deaths to 314,513, the increase being no less than 188,412. In 1823, the number of births was 498,643, the number of deaths 318,878, the increase being 179,765. In 1824, the number of persons born was 505,335, and of deaths 318,535, being an increase of 186,800. In 1825, the number of births was 523,614, and the number of deaths 327,343, making an increase of 196,271. In 1826, the number of births was 525,585, and of deaths 355,114, giving a difference of 170,471 in favour of the former. In 1827, the number of births was 490,660, and the number of deaths 305,578, bearing an increase of 125,082 on the year. The population has increased no less than 1,450,877 during the eight years, and at the commencement of 1828 amounted to 12,552,270;—the number of births being to the entire population in the proportion of about 4½ per cent, and the deaths rather more than 2½ per cent. Of the 365,578 deaths in the year 1827, 16,726 were still-born; 130,735 died under the age of three; 34,504 under the age of ten; 14,914 between the ages of ten and twenty; 16,889 between twenty and thirty; 18,473 between thirty and forty; 22,806 between forty and fifty; 27,969 between fifty and sixty; 35,364 between sixty and seventy; 30,295 between seventy and eighty; 18,064 between eighty and ninety; and 2,019 above the age of ninety. It is not stated how many there were above the age of one hundred.

The late Earl of Bridgewater.—A Paris paper, the *Journal des Voyageurs*, states that this eccentric nobleman had, at the time of his death, his house nearly filled with dogs and cats, which he had picked up at different places. Of the fifteen dogs which he kept, two were admitted to the honours of his table, and the whole of them were frequently dressed up in clothes like human beings. In his last days, when so debilitated as to be unable to leave his own grounds, he is said to have adopted a strange substitute for the sports of the field, to which he had been addicted. Into the garden at the back of his house there were placed about 300 rabbits, and as many pigeons and partridges, whose wings had been cut. Provided with a gun, and supported by servants, the infirm earl would enter the garden and shoot two or three head of game, to be afterwards put upon the table as his sporting trophies!

Rights of Dramatic Authors in France.—The gross sum received by dramatic writers in France, as the tax upon the performance of their pieces at the different theatres (without reckoning the amount they were sold for in the first instance to the managers of the theatres in which they were originally produced), is

stated to be 600,000 francs annually; of which M. Scribe alone receives more than 100,000 francs. It is proposed by these gentlemen to put aside a per centage upon the gross amount for the relief of decayed and indigent authors. A general literary fund society, similar to that which exists in this country, is also projected.

Russia.—A junction of the Volga and the Moskva is about to be effected by means of a canal, which will unite the rivers Sestra and Istria; the first of which communicates by the Dounna with the Volga, and the second of which runs into the Moskva. The original idea of this junction was conceived by Peter I. The first stone of the first lock of the canal was laid in October 1827. The expense of the undertaking is estimated at 5,340,000 rubles. A plan is also under consideration for forming a junction between the Volga and the western Dvina.

Cuba.—A vase has been discovered at Cuba, with several figures upon it, one of which represents the Sagittarius of the zodiac.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A correspondent at Hanover writes to inform us that the Germans mentioned in Lord Londonderry's Narrative of the Peninsular War under the names of Crackenburgh, Tapie, Smalkenson, J. Herse, Deliris, and Langhans, are no other than the distinguished officers of the late king's German Legion—Krauchenberg, Fahle, Schmalhausen, A. Heise, Delius, and Langrich.

Tiflis.—In the month of June last a new journal was commenced in the capital of Georgia, under the title of *Tifliskiye Vedomosti*, or the *Tiflis Gazette*. It is published every Wednesday, in the Russian language, with a translation in Armenian; and is principally intended for the countries beyond the Caucasus, and for the Armenian provinces lately acquired by Russia.

A novel of the De Vere class is announced, entitled, *D'Erbrine, or the Cynic*.

The Poetical Sketch-Book, in one volume, by T. K. Hervey, including a third edition of his *Australia*, will shortly appear.

Schiller's *William Tell*, closely translated from the German, is just ready.

The Rev. William Kirby, M.A. F.R. and L.S., &c. &c., has in the press *Seven Sermons on the Temptation of Christ*, grounded on those upon the same subject by the learned Bishop Andrews.

The Author of *Private Education*, the *Poor Girl's Help*, *Early Education*, the *Youth's French Guide*, &c., has in the press *Leonora*, or the *Presentation at Court*; being the first of a series of narratives called *Young Lady's Tales*.

A new edition, with considerable additions, of Mr. Coleridge's poetical works, is announced.

In the Press—Holbein's Bible Cuts; being Fac-Similes of the celebrated Icones Historiarum Veteris Testamenti of Hans Holbein, engraved on wood, with descriptions in four modern languages.—The Philosophy of History.—An Essay on the Deaf and Dumb; shewing the necessity of medical treatment in Early Infancy; with observations on Congenital Deafness. By J. H. Curtis, Esq., Surgeon-Aurist to the King.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of Military Life, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.* bds.—The Naval Officer, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Catholic Church Inevitable, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Smith's Catalogue Raisonné, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Watkins's Sacred Poetry, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Willis's Sermons for Servants, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Gervino on Diseases of Children, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Draper's Youth's Calendar, 3 vols. 8mo. 1*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Thornton's Counsels and Quotations for Youth, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—Burton on Revivals in Religion, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—Foot's Companion to the Theatres, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 12	From 26. to 47.	29.72 to 29.06
Friday . . . 13	— 30. — 46.	29.61 — 29.73
Saturday . . . 14	— 29. — 42.	29.76 — 29.83
Sunday . . . 15	— 30. — 43.	29.86 — 29.86
Monday . . . 16	— 31. — 42.	29.76 — 29.63
Tuesday . . . 17	— 10.5 — 45.	29.50 — 29.47
Wednesday 18	— 25. — 53.	29.06 — 29.06

Wind variable, prevailing N. and S.W.

Generally clear.

Edmonton.

Latitude . . . 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If T. J. M. read the *Literary Gazette*, the inquiry made would be superfluous. Look back.

We are afraid of letters sealed with thimbles

* We allude to this excellent actress's performance in the piece called *Haines and Fleming*, where she supports a similar character, and contrived to puzzle the audience with the change nearly as much as the author has intended she should mystify her beloved.

